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## Notes of the Week

AMONG the many surprises that the present government have supplied the legislative sanction of flogging stands out pre-eminently. Everyone who is connected with the administration of the law is perfectly well aware that flogging is more deterrent than any other form of punishment. Despite Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who wrote to the press on Monday last in a manner reminiscent of his Tower Hill speeches, it is a matter of common knowledge that garotting was entirely suppressed by this efficient instrument when every other description of punishment had failed. Ranters suggest that the punishment is degrading to those who inflict it, as well as to those by whom it is inflicted. Such a contention is absolutely fantastic. Flogging is inflicted to-day for offences of violence committed in prisons. The concurrent evidence of everyone of authority who is acquainted with the punishment as a means of preserving discipline is to the effect that neither the person who is flogged nor the person who inflicts the punishment is in the least debased or degraded in consequence. When we observe robberies with violence occurring every day, in many cases accompanied with the latest substitute for the Burgundy pitch plaster of the garotting times, the efficiency of flogging as a deterrent is brought inevitably to remembrance. If Radicals—or rather some of them—do not think the White Slave traffic is sufficiently hideous to be suppressed in the most efficient manner, we do not think they will succeed in carrying wholesome public opinion with them.

Believing, as we do, that it is advisable, in the present state of affairs, that there should be a censor to supervise proposed productions on our stage, we may yet submit the criticism that the duties of this official are not carried out in the most satisfactory fashion. We say nothing as to the morality or otherwise of "A Venetian Night," recently forbidden, knowing nothing save the sketchy plot of the wordless play as given in the papers; but it certainly seems unfair and unbusinesslike to leave the prohibition of a piece until the very eve of its production. On another occasion, not very long ago, permission to proceed was only obtained, we believe, on the afternoon of the advertised opening night. These things should surely be managed more smartly, and not in a way which would disgrace any commercial office; at present the prohibition arriving at the eleventh hour means unnecessary expense, and may mean much hardship to a crowd of "supers," whose living is at no time too secure. Another objection is that if the ban is subsequently removed, the play has received a form of advertisement which is in questionable taste; it is labelled as at least "risky," and draws an audience fully prepared, in the cant of the day, to cloak its prurience under the plea of art.

We treat with becoming respect the story of an "antiseptic lady" which reaches us, not from America, but from one of the French scientific papers. This remarkable person seems to possess the power of preserving everything with which she comes into contact; oysters, wine, cut flowers, fish—she simply has to touch or handle these things, and they remain, as it were, in their pristine beauty, undergoing all tests for incipient decomposition with complete success. We cannot think that so desirable a lady will be allowed for long to blush unseen; what an acquisition she would be, for example, to any first-class hotel! At the same time, we grieve at the deliberate scepticism which inspires the editorial note: "It is not to be expected that the results will be accepted until someone else has repeated them."

Enthusiasm is a splendid thing when directed to a good cause, but we doubt whether Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the new President of the United States, wants to undergo again an hour and five minutes of uninterrupted cheering such as greeted him at one of his New York meetings last week. Fifteen thousand people shouted themselves hoarse, waved flags, blew whistles, rang bells, and sang patriotic songs; and then, when at last the hero rose to speak, his voice for a time was drowned by the "steady tramp of departing enthusiasts, who, having seen and cheered him, considered their duty was done." Compared with our own little election fervours, this is a veritable tornado: but was it so great a compliment, after all, to yell a frantic welcome to the lion of the evening, and then, when he wanted to do a little roaring on his own account, to get up and go?

## Song of a Good-for-Nothing

WERE I a hearty husbandman it's happy I would be  
With a loaf of rye and honey, twelve brown eggs, and  
apples three,  
To make my daily faring for the bonny wife and me.

And had I half the wisdom that I've read about in books,  
I'd leave the world of wranglers, and I'd love the world  
of brooks,  
And willow-shaded shepherd lads a-leaning on their  
crooks:

A world where sleep holds out her hand and leads you,  
down the hill,  
To a green untroubled valley where the wind has no  
more will,  
And the songs of streams are memories that the city's  
noise would kill.

There with my lass my life I'd pass, and dream no more  
of towns;

There'd be crow's-foot and crane's-bill a-growing on the  
downs

For careless girls o' holidays to fasten in their gowns.

I'd toil for life, I'd toil for wife, and then when I'd be old  
I'd like to keep a toll-bar and gather in the gold  
To give to ragged wayfarers to clothe them from the  
cold.

I'll never keep, save in my sleep, a toll-bar nor a farm;  
I'll live with strangers all my life, and some will do me  
harm.

If only I'd a strong will and a strong right arm!

WILFRID THORLEY.

## Notre Dame

THE white clouds linger near thy stately towers  
As wistful thoughts round some forgotten theme;  
Sorrows that lived, and brave, impassioned hours  
That died, are lost, and all things holy seem;  
Like a sweet tale half-told,  
Vague, magical murmur of a secret old,  
The voice of the world is hushed to the song of a dream.

R.

## The Honest Brokers

WE are much afraid that the Great Powers are  
sorry for themselves. The event of the struggle  
in South-Eastern Europe may yet be remote, but the  
present aspect is terribly disquieting for them as to the  
realisation of their immemorial policy on the Eastern  
question.

Mr. Gladstone's orations and perorations, "fierce as  
Frenzy's fever'd blood," ranging from "Abdul the  
Damned" to the expulsion of the Turk from Europe,  
"bag and baggage," would not be repeated at the

present day by any responsible politician. Now that  
the Turk, despite the heroism he has displayed, is in  
a parlous state and almost ready for expulsion from  
Europe, the Great Powers are realising the peril with  
which his disappearance is inevitably involved. Abuse  
him as you will, the Turk has yet been in effect the  
safety-valve which has for long prevented an European  
explosion.

In 1876 the late Lord Stratheden and Campbell,  
whose knowledge and authority on the Eastern question  
was never appraised at its true value, in a speech de-  
livered in the House of Lords, said: "It is now seen  
more clearly that the interests of Great Britain on the  
Bosphorus continue, whether the administration of the  
Porte is good or bad among its subjects." That state-  
ment is true, not only of Great Britain, but of every  
important Power in Europe. Hysteria has to a certain  
extent hidden the essential truth, whilst it was possible  
to cherish the secret hope that the Ottoman forces would  
at least achieve a sufficient success to cripple their oppo-  
nents. When the material bankruptcy of both belli-  
gerents should become obvious, the Brokers looked for-  
ward to being put in possession. They would exact  
from the Turk the uttermost farthing they could, with-  
out abolishing him as the buffer which was the sole  
obstacle to an abysmal crash.

It was intended to reward the froward children of  
the kindergarten with a few garish toys and compli-  
mentary speeches—and then all would go on as before.  
The people of Macedonia would undergo extermination  
for another thirty years, and at the end of that period  
exclaim, as is usual about Christmas-time: "Here we  
are again!" Some Power in Europe would then feel  
constrained to reveal the horrors of which it and all  
the Powers had been complacently aware for the pre-  
ceding twenty-nine years. After a certain number of  
the oppressed and oppressors had been horribly done  
to death, the Christian Powers would impose a truce.

Viewed solely from the standpoint of *La Haute  
Politique*, it is impossible to quarrel with the soundness  
of mundane wisdom enshrined in such a policy, but the  
children who were intended after a flogging to return  
to their normal subservience, have most unaccountably  
proved themselves to be so formidable that their  
mentors would really have to put themselves to some  
inconvenience to restrain them, and worse than all,  
would probably collide with each other with distinctly  
regrettable results. It was all very well to shout: "*Que  
la Suisse soit libre, et que nos noms périssent*" so long  
as there did not appear to be the remotest chance that  
the burden of the prayer would be granted, but only  
that the chestnuts would be nicely roasted when the  
benevolent onlookers were ready to partake of them.

The event, although as we have already said it is  
not yet decided, would appear to be tending towards  
inconvenience for the Powers. In any case, the usual  
farce "The protection of nationals," has become urgent,  
and Mr. Churchill has despatched many semi-obsolete  
vessels to the Levant.

CECIL COWPER.

## REVIEWS

## Germany—and England

- Germany and the German Emperor.* By HERBERT PERRIS.  
(Andrew Melrose. 12s. 6d. net.)  
*Les Embarras de l'Allemagne.* By GEORGES BLONDEL.  
(Plon-Nourrit, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)  
*Grundzüge der auswärtigen Politik Deutschlands.* By  
PAUL ARNDT. (Eugen Diederichs, Jena.)  
*The Secret of Germany's Expansion.* By "44." (David  
Nutt. 1s. net.)

THERE are many ways of looking at the problem of modern Germany. One view, not a very popular one, but held by some persons of undoubted intelligence, is that there is no German problem, except possibly for the Germans. Another view is that there is a problem, and a very grave one indeed, especially for England, and that the solution demanded is a homœopathic one, compounded of blood and iron:

" 's ist ein Gesetz der Teufel und Gespenster:  
Wo sie hereingeschlüpft, da müssen sie hinaus."

Among representatives of this point of view we may cite Mr. Blatchford, Captain Pierre Félix and "44," the author of one of the brochures before us. A third view admits the difficulty but believes that it can be overcome by the "paternal admonitions" and "well-meant feasts of brotherly love" that our German Ambassador legitimately satirised.

Of the works we are considering "Germany and the German Emperor" stands in a class by itself. Sometimes incoherent, and often irritating—in a healthy way—it gives as complete a survey as could be wished of the conditions of the German problem. There is no forcing of a solution; the facts are all there, and the door is open. Knowledge is the solution of most human difficulties, and Mr. Perris gives us abundantly the means of knowing. He leaves no side of Germany untouched, and nearly everything he says has a definite relation to the great question he prepares the way for answering. Thus, nothing could be more relevant than the section on German music: he who does not understand music can never understand Germany, and Mr. Perris shows that the development of music and of national sentiment have, in Germany at any rate, followed parallel lines. For the Englishman wishing to see German affairs through the right spectacles we can think of no better oculist than Mr. Perris—or, better still, Mr. Perris and Dr. Arndt in consultation. They are both patriots, which is the main thing, and neither of them believes in "paternal admonitions" or vague talk about the absurdity of national quarrels.

It is extraordinary that anyone should, after all these centuries, continue to believe that war can be abolished by a *reductio ad absurdum*. Nations, like individuals, are to be recognised by their passions. When a man has been a single week in love with a woman of, perhaps, no very apparent charm, his capacity for ill-considered action is perceptibly increased; when a nation has nourished for a week or a decade a possibly obscure grievance against another nation, it is likely at any

moment to embark upon a course of action that might almost be described as altruistic, inasmuch as little will be gained and much may be lost. If we argue from purely positive data, no war is inevitable, but in all human affairs it is the "imponderables" that count, and he would be a rash man who would prophesy that war will follow close upon the hansom-cab into the limbo of forgotten institutions.

We are not sure if reference is made to the days of upon the string of war, when the subject under discussion is merely the position of modern Germany, and we had better at once explain that the connection of our ideas was not based on a possible etymology of the word "German." It is unfortunately too notorious that the names "England" and "Germany," set down side by side, evoke ideas of rivalry, distrust, objurgation, and potential war. Mr. Blatchford said two or three years ago that a state of war did actually exist between the two countries, and "44" seems to-day to be of the same opinion. Certainly, if ink could kill, there would be no lack of fresh graves in the two countries. Each possesses scores of writers who consider that the rulers of the other cherish designs on civilisation and the world's peace. Here is "44," for instance, who maintains that the manoeuvres of Germany are so dangerous in view of the rise of China and Japan, that the proper course for a self-respecting English statesman is obviously to ally himself with these Oriental bogies, as a preliminary to allying himself with everybody else for the destruction of Germany. We have seldom seen a more cynical proposal, but "44" seems to think that it requires no defence. We will quote such justification as he gives: "Should it be necessary to justify such tactics, it may be said that Germany has set Europe the example, and is but being done unto as she has done unto others."

We are not sure if reference is made to the days of Bismarck or to more recent events. "44" has no dearth of rather wild statements and accusations to support his contention that Germany is treating the world in general, and England in particular, with contemptuous treachery. The weak point about this procedure is that it is of almost universal applicability. Dr. Arndt, for instance, marshals quite an array of counter-facts indicating consistent malice on the part of England against Germany. No good object is served by such an exercise; it can be performed for any two given countries at almost any given time. International law and international relations are really only in their school-boy stage, and "tu quoque" is an effective weapon of offence. As Dr. Arndt very truly remarks: "The reproaches that one nation casts in the teeth of another are nearly always the same—unscrupulousness, brutality, treachery, hypocrisy, etc. *Intra muros peccatur et extra!*"

The flaw in the German case is Bismarck. The ghost of that efficient statesman is, if we may say so, the most tangible thing in European politics. If we are beset on all sides by rumours of war and the clash of an armed peace it is due to the Chancellor who made three wars

in eight years, who said: "It is not by Parliamentary speeches and majority votes that these great problems will be settled, but by iron and blood," and who taught a younger generation to say, and to draw their full significance from, the words "Universal history teaches us that the right of the strongest created states." We are not sure that either Mr. Perris or M. Blondel is quite just to Bismarck; the French writer is particularly explicit: "Nous pouvons constater adjourd'hui," he says, "qu'il a été plutôt un destructeur qu'un constructeur," and Mr. Perris says substantially the same thing. As for "44," his only allusion to Bismarck is concerned with the "falsified telegram" and "deliberate lie" of Ems.

Mr. Perris regards Bismarck—quite rightly, according to our ideas—as the key to the whole situation. He devotes a large part of his space to the career and character of the Iron Chancellor. The result is a long indictment, relieved by moments of ringing sympathy. Bismarck "faced facts, and he respected stout manhood, as he hated weaklings and dreamers," and when near the end of his career, some one quoted Goethe, "Blessed is he who retires without hatred from the world," he replied: "What! without hatred? What a tailor's soul he must have!" Mr. Perris has this great virtue—he can admire; many of his *boutades* seem to batter the causes he has most at heart. But he is no hero-worshipper; he has no great good to say of any of the central figures of history; the hero is "the *n*th power of the ordinary." We were early prepared to find him joining issue with Carlyle, and, about half way through the book comes the collision. Mr. Perris here pours ridicule on the hero-worshipper's conception of Bismarck as one of his "noble, patient, deep, and solid" Germans. The citation is from a *Times* article of 1870, and it is interesting to compare Dr. Arndt's use of a similar quotation from the same writer about the war of 1866.

Dr. Arndt is unfortunately anchored in the belief in him whom he calls "der Meister der Politik." We say "unfortunately," because, so long as Germans continue to regard Bismarck as the model man and statesman, rather than as a being of superlative mind and will-power who, spoiled by success, deliberately sowed tares in the fields of national and international policy, they will find it difficult to gain much external sympathy. It may be objected that Bismarck has been dead these fourteen years and ceased to rule Germany more than twenty years ago; we would reply that Bismarck lives so long as his system of politics remains an ideal for the more serious and cultivated of his compatriots. Twenty years are as nothing in the history of the world; least of all will they be insisted on by a nation that alleged a robbery of more than two centuries' standing to justify its annexation of Alsace. We see no end to the Anglo-German incompatibility of temper, till the Germans give up Bismarck. Let them admire the man as much as they like—we ask nothing better than to join in their homage—but let them also admit that the statesman was wrong. Let them admit that war erected into a principle, systematic deceit in diplomacy and the inoculation of the Press by official and semi-official

poison are works of the devil. Hypocrisy is not the least of the vices, but, as compared with cynicism, she is a pale and ineffectual shadow; hypocrisy acknowledges the sovereignty of virtue, cynicism would banish her altogether from the world, and indefinitely postpone the Kingdom of God upon earth.

We find Dr. Arndt, usually so sane and conciliatory, very difficult to understand on this particular subject. He reminds us at times of some shallow commentator of a classical author. The formation of the Triple Alliance was, it seems, one of the noblest contributions to the cause of peace—peace having become for the moment necessary in order to secure the spoils of war. As for the Entente, "It has not served the interests of European peace, it has, on the contrary, increased the risk of war." Finally, for we cannot go on neglecting our other authors or the more practical and conciliatory part of Dr. Arndt's own work, why should he allow himself to entertain, even for an instant, such a possibility as "The conquest of Constantinople by Russia or England"?

We are convinced by Dr. Arndt's reasons for wishing for a great German fleet, but, so long as the ghost of Bismarck continues to walk, we shall continue to stipulate for a greater English fleet. Meantime we sincerely endorse the plea for co-operation in "Welt politik," at any rate as a principle. Circumstances may make it difficult, but, where it is possible, it is certain that the co-operation of two great Powers will give better results for both of them than their rivalry. Let neither country twit the other with "ambition" or designs of "hegemony"; these words form part of the "tu quoque" baggage to which we have referred, and "der Wille zur Macht" is a perfectly respectable possession.

Three of the four books before us are largely concerned with the history and present position of German institutions. In "Germany and the German Emperor" we have it on the grand scale, starting from before Arminius, and with an epigram to every century or so. M. Blondel is not quite so encyclopædic, but he manages to convey a pretty good impression of the development of modern Germany; his avowed object is to show the seamy side—he feels he has earned the right to do so by his previous books, in which a more general view is taken.

Dr. Arndt's retrospective glance displays a gloomy vista, broken by the blaze from the altar of Bismarck, and a lesser gleam from the chapel of Bülow. All three writers are agreed that the worst features of modern Germany are due to the lack of political traditions, and to centuries of small States with no central authority. Both non-German authors are moreover at one in condemning the Prussian Constitution as a national mistake. On the subject of German materialism the unanimity is more striking still; the too sudden industrial advance is the obvious reason for this apparently undisputed phenomenon. Dr. Arndt is inclined to leave out "Blut und Eisen" as ingredients, but admits that diplomacy has been "voreilig" through a mistaken analogy between commerce and politics.

We think that there is in the non-German books a disposition to underrate the solidarity of the Empire. Alsace-Lorraine and the Polish provinces are no doubt disaffected, but Bavaria, Saxony, and the rest have given substantial pledges of their loyalty. The campaign of 1812 is a good instance of the welding power of war and an Imperial banner on even the most heterogeneous elements. Against the many circumstances making for peace we must place one that does not seem to occur in any of these works—an inelastic constitution may be an encouragement to aggression, through the desire of those in power to turn public attention away from themselves. On the difficult subject of German finance M. Blondel is very instructive; his picture of over-tasked capital suggests the James Pinkerton of the "Wrecker" with his "Into the mill again." "44" in the same connection develops a lurid scheme for the "peaceful persuasion" of Germany by the wrecking of her credit system; an international bank is to be formed to carry out the plot and to compensate alien victims. But as we believe Bismarck to have been wrong, so we know "44" to be completely and utterly wrong, not so much through his irresponsible suggestions, as through his whole point of view.

After all it is the point of view that matters. A solution of the German problem cannot be forced, but it will be attained if knowledge and sincerity are allowed to do their part. We will conclude with two memorable quotations from Mr. Perris, to whom we feel we have hardly done justice.

"Life is a perpetual solution of apparently insoluble problems by a change in the elements"; and "Ideas are not immaculately conceived, but born in wedlock of fact with fact."  
R. F. SMALLEY.

## Marcus Aurelius in Colour

*The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*  
Translated by GEORGE LONG. Illustrated after the  
Water-Colour Drawings by W. RUSSELL FLINT.  
(Philip Lee Warner. 10s. 6d. net.)

FOR the last three or four years publishers have poured forth a steady stream of sumptuous colour-books under the impression that grown-up people, as well as children, revel in the expensive reproductions of Messrs. Rackham, Dulac, Pogány, and other clever artists. So they do, and even those who possess twenty different editions of Omar will buy another provided it has coloured plates. Certain learned writers would have us believe the very feasible theory that the ancients were not cognisant of some of the colours we recognise to-day. Hundreds of modern novelists use a colour in the titles of their books. Purple patches and references to all manner of shades, tints and hues, are at a discount, while people who go in for soul-culture study the esoteric significance of colour. Swinburne was particularly fond of scarlet and purple; Hearn wanted to have all his books bound in sky-blue, while the railway porter and the Socialist are very partial to red ties.

We have grown excessively artistic of late, and are prone to attach a greater importance to book illustrations than to the text itself. We seem to have lost a sense of proportion in this direction. Illustrations, whether in line or colour, should reflect the author's work. They should possess imagination, but at the same time take a subordinate place, and not seek to oust, or distort, the writer's and reader's conception. Dickens was more than happy in his illustrators; but there are certain writers, such as Hardy, Borrow, George Eliot, and Jefferies, whose work we do not wish to see illustrated. Publishers, it would seem, having exhausted their legitimate sphere of colour production, have now trespassed into realms where illustrations border on the sacrilegious.

Mr. Lee Warner, justly celebrated for his superbly produced books and Medici prints, has, perhaps, made a mistake in getting an artist to illustrate Marcus Aurelius. Philosophy cannot be illustrated in either line or colour. Mr. Russell Flint was successful in dealing with "The Song of Solomon," but in the present volume he fails simply because he has attempted the impossible, and as Marcus Aurelius has observed, "to seek that which is impossible is madness." His productions are delightful pictures, but they have no bearing whatever upon the Emperor-philosopher's meditations. On the slightest pretext, and sometimes without a pretext at all, he introduces graceful nude and semi-nude women in all manner of postures; and this is the *motif* of most of his work. The simple words of Marcus Aurelius: "Tiberius at Capreae," immediately suggest to the artist's fertile imagination a dark-haired woman dancing against a purple night sky and juggling with hoops, while Tiberius is reclining amid women with fair and auburn tresses. It is an exquisite piece of colour work, which would have passed as an illustration for an Anacreon ode, somewhat after the manner of the designs by Girodet de Roussy, but seems strangely out of place amid so much chaste Roman wisdom.

Again: "Do not act as if thou were going to live ten thousand years," affords Mr. Flint the opportunity of depicting a youth with a bandage round his eyes, so that he cannot see the approach of death while he is being diverted by his women. We admire some of Mr. Flint's pictures immensely, especially the one portraying "certain islands of the happy"; but we must confess we should like to cut it out and hang it on the wall, partly because it is a fine piece of work, and partly because it is only vastly incongruous in this volume. Imagination has carried Mr. Flint away from philosophy into a sensuous realm of azure sea and fair women. Marcus Aurelius wrote: "What then art thou doing here, O imagination? Go away, I entreat thee by the gods, as thou didst come, for I want thee not." Philosophy and exotic imagination have nothing in common, and beautiful as these pictures are, we think that when the wisest of emperors wrote his meditations, he would have exclaimed, could he have seen these water-colour drawings, "I want thee not."

## A Flood of Light on the Oriental Arts

*Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art.* By ERNEST FENOLLOSA. Illustrated. (Wm. Heinemann. 36s. net.)

THERE is to-day room for a great, coherent, and simple history of the Art of China and Japan, seen by a man of broad vision, recorded by an artist of the pen. We await it. That the two handsome volumes before us fulfil all these conditions it would be fantastic to affirm; they are written with dry ink, and phrased with not a little professorial colourlessness and lack of imagery, but they draw one by the inestimable boon of their simplicity, their clarity, and the coherence of view. That a man who has little power of artistic utterance in the medium of literature, to which he has given a life's service, is prone to have a deep sensing of any art, is not very likely; but that he may by careful culture give us the history of an art through the arrangement and codifying of other men's researches and biographies, and make an illuminating record of these things, is an affair of scholarship. Still, Fenollosa has done more than that—he has seen the history of the Chinese and Japanese endeavour as a whole; has dug down to its origins; and has brought the whole into relationship with the genius and development of the peoples. He has thereby come as near to the master-work as in any book I know on the subject. Here at least is a work that every student and lover of Oriental art must possess. In its realm we have been given an "authority." And, be it remembered, these volumes tackle a subject difficult for the Western ear and mind—Chinese and Japanese names do not readily trip into nor easily remain in the memory. It is the supreme triumph of Fenollosa's work that he conquered this difficult task—his habit of professor has done him this splendid service.

And he brought to his endeavour a sincerity and enthusiasm which enabled him to triumph over his defects. He essayed to give a clear history of the rise and development and achievement of Oriental Art; I do not say that he wins us without a certain severity of study under his guidance, for, after all, it is a tough subject; but it will remain to the long credit of the dead man who planned the large task, and of his widow's whole-souled execution of her husband's life-desire, that a clear history has been set before us of the artistic achievement of China and Japan that may be understood of the Western peoples. Even as an ardent admirer of the arts of the East, and, judging others by myself, and presuming a like difficulty in these others that I experience when essaying to come to closer grips with Eastern art—that is to say with the essential basis of it, which is to arouse the senses through the utterance of that art—I find the volumes "tough reading." At the same time, they are clearly the presentation of first-hand material, codified into something like clear evolution; and in spite of the dryness of the manner of presentment, they add prodigiously

to one's general impression of the rise and progress of the powers of utterance of the Eastern genius. They are not the sort of books that even Lord Avebury would take with him on a fortnight's holiday-making, I fancy; and I feel bound to confess that I feel it something approaching presumption to write upon so serious a lifework without going through a heavy course of the subject—the which, however, rather bears out what I have said, that they are scarcely as exciting as a novel.

That requires a rare gift of words which was denied to the dogged talents of Fenollosa, who was bred in a professorial atmosphere and could not, though he strove so to do, wholly rid himself of professorial greyiness. Nevertheless, in spite of his dryness, and because of his clarity and orderliness of mind, Fenollosa will stand forth as an authority on the history of Eastern art; for he rids his survey of the huge subject of much of the blight that has heretofore lain upon it. He does not wholly confuse art with the technique that is the instrument whereby art is expressed, and by that alone he leaps forward to the essential grip of the subject. He confuses art with beauty, 'tis true—that was inevitable to the age in which he wrote. But he arranges periods by their creative intention instead of by their craftsmanship, which is a marvellous achievement for a man writing on any history of art—above all the art of the East. He nevertheless does to a certain extent confuse art with craft; and thereby lessens his high intention. But his deep Eastern culture has done this great service to the Eastern genius, that he realises the oneness of all art, particularly of the Chinese and Japanese, which must have struck everyone who has ever looked upon these things untrammelled by bookish theories.

He sees that art evolves; and that the art of China and Japan developed side by side as the arts of the West developed. Nay, more—he realises that the movements in the Orient were akin to the movements in our Western art. His theory of art is as precise balderdash as all other professorial theories of art; but, as it is all balderdash, this matters little. He speaks seriously of "principles of criticism"—his own conflict with all other principles of criticism proves that there are none such. He tells us that he only treats of "imaginative or creative art"—there is no other form of art whatsoever. His definition of art as being "the power of the imagination to transform materials" is utterly paltry, and false as it is paltry. But the moment that Fenollosa gets to work in the origin and development of the Eastern genius as revealed by its art he becomes convincing; and had he been alive to-day he would probably have answered that that precisely was his aim and his endeavour; and is his reward.

Perhaps nothing could show more simply the clarity of Fenollosa's mind than the use of the small map in which he makes us realise how the Pacific, with its "stepping-stones of islands" was a wide centre of art. He brings home the obvious fact that primitive American art was blown abroad from a Pacific centre—a fact we find it hard to realise, since we always look upon

America as the New World—a fact which at once convinces since without it we are in a whirl of confusion. I have but touched upon the threshold of Fenollosa's great work; and it would be impossible to handle it in detail in the space of a short review; but to the skill and dogged ordering of the evidences with which he proceeds to develop the rise and progress of the Oriental arts, and of the peoples who created them, one is compelled to pay the highest tribute that can be paid—that he is wholly convincing. He builds up his case with increasing force of logic. His rich volumes will vastly add to the study and interest in the Oriental achievement. He saw the prodigious eagle flight of the Chinese genius. He gave his life's work to glorify it and testify to it. And he has given to the world, through the devotion of his helpmate, a work which most fitly crowns a lifelong service to his chosen career.

HALDANE MACFALL.

## The Indian Borderers

*From the Black Mountain to Waziristan.* By COLONEL H. C. WYLLY, C.B. With an Introduction by LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HORACE L. SMITH-DORRIEN, K.C.B., D.S.O., and Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

*The Lushai Kuki Clans.* By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. SHAKESPEAR. With Coloured Frontispiece, Map, and other Illustrations. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

THE land frontier of India measures, roughly speaking, about seventeen hundred miles from sea to sea. For half its length the border is fringed by tribes forming small independent communities, with each of which the Government of India is obliged to maintain direct relations. The simultaneous appearance of two works, under official patronage, dealing respectively with the tribes on the North-West and North-East frontiers, is a seasonable reminder of the unceasing vigilance required to deal with the innumerable and complex problems that are constantly arising.

Colonel Wyllly brings together in a compact form all the necessary information regarding the Pathan tribes dwelling east of the Indus, down to the Beloochistan frontier, with their geographical distribution, their relations with their neighbours, including ourselves, and a brief account of the many military expeditions for punitive purposes that have been forced upon us since the first Sikh war. One a year seems to be the exact average of military expeditions found necessary at one point or another of the Pathan frontier in a period of sixty-two years; and such an expedition may mean simply a military promenade of less than a thousand men, or some weeks of hard fighting with twenty or thirty thousand men in the field and a casualty roll equal to that of a Crimean battle. The 25,000 square miles of North-West frontier, occupied by independent tribes are inhabited by the most turbulent and unruly race in the world.

The Pathan frontiersman is the survival of a type that is now hardly to be met with elsewhere.

A murderous, treacherous ruffian, fierce and blood-thirsty, he is brought up from his earliest childhood amid scenes of appalling treachery and merciless revenge. Every tribe and section of a tribe has its internecine wars, every family its hereditary blood feuds, and every individual his personal foes. Compared with a Pathan blood feud the Corsican vendetta is a tame and anæmic affair. But the Pathan has only to be taken away from his own valley to become one of the finest soldiers it is possible to conceive, serving his employer with the loyalty of a true Highlander. To deal successfully with such people, over a long series of years, requires powers of no common order, and the fact that these men who have fought us again and again are ready to enlist in our native regiments by the thousand, and do faithful service, when the humour takes them, speaks volumes for the confidence with which our frontier officials have inspired them, both as friends and foes. The most urgent question on the frontier to-day is that connected with the illicit trade in firearms of the latest type. The Indian Government, which is now overruled from Whitehall, lives from hand to mouth, and resolutely shut its ears to the reports of its officers, until the magnitude of the evil could no longer be ignored. It is likely to cost us many anxious moments and many valuable lives in the future.

The tribes dealt with in Lieut.-Colonel Shakespear's work are of a very different calibre. They are the dwellers in the hill tracts north-east of Chittagong, and about Manipur. Under the generic term Lushai, literally head cutters, are included a number of tribes speaking different languages, off-shoots of the great Tibeto-Burman family inhabiting the still unexplored hill country that stretches eastward from the Bay of Bengal to Yunan. Lieut.-Colonel Shakespear, who has before this published a work on these clans, now tells us that the name is properly applicable to one clan only, who are the overlords of a tract of hill country, part of which is still inhabited by conquered clans. To distinguish them he applies the term Lushai to the clan entitled to the name, using the term Lushai in a wider sense to include the other tribes dwelling in the same area. It is a subtle distinction that can only be made good in print.

Exhaustive accounts are given of their customs, religion, and folk-lore, and the interest of the work is almost entirely ethnological. The book is dedicated to Lieut.-Colonel Lewin, the pioneer of British influence among the Lushai tribes, a reprint of whose work on these tribes was reviewed in the pages of THE ACADEMY on September 28 last.

## Home Rule Reviewed

*Home Rule from the Treasury Bench: Speeches during the First and Second Reading Debate.* With Portraits. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a handsome book of over three hundred pages, well printed in large type and adorned with excellent up-to-date portraits of eight leading Liberal statesmen. It may be useful as a party handbook, but it is not and

cannot be a contribution to the history of the period. It has this fatal defect: it only presents one-half of the question, and is unilateral in its argument. It is like listening to a man talking into a telephone—you hear only one side of the conversation. The editor or compiler, whoever he may be, seems to have been conscious of this, for he eagerly seizes—with some exceptions—opportunities to report interruptions and questions, so as to give a slight hint of controversy, but this is a very poor substitute for the powerful speeches which answered the arguments put forward, or to which they were defences. For a real contribution to the literature on the subject the compiler should have come to terms with the other side, and arranged to print the speeches in their proper sequence. But we suspect that this would not have suited his purpose. An answer always sounds more powerful and convincing when you have not heard the question, and it would have been dangerous to report both sides.

It comes, then, to this—that, stripped of its dignified surroundings, the book is merely a pamphlet which might any day have been issued by the Liberal Publication Committee in stiff paper covers—at 6d. As this is probably its purpose, perhaps it would be useful for reference to record here the speakers and whom they followed:—

## FIRST READING.

Mr. Asquith led off .....	11 April, 1912.
Mr. Herbert Samuel replied to Mr. Balfour .....	15 " "
Mr. Birrell replied to Mr. Balfour...	16 " "

## SECOND READING.

Mr. Churchill led off .....	30 April, 1912.
Col. Seely replied to Sir R. Finlay	1 May, 1912.
Sir Edward Grey replied to Mr. Balfour .....	2 " "
Sir Rufus Isaacs replied to Mr. J. H. Campbell .....	6 " "
Mr. Herbert Samuel replied to Mr. Austen Chamberlain .....	7 " "
Mr. Birrell replied to Mr. Geo. Wyndham .....	8 " "
Mr. T. W. Russell replied to Mr. Chaplin .....	9 " "
Mr. Asquith replied to Mr. Bonar Law .....	9 " "

The Premier's introduction is characteristically brief, but his statement is not quite accurate when he declares that "the people of England, Scotland, and Wales are now ready to consider the question stripped of prejudice and passion, and to come to a settlement based on justice, common-sense, and Imperial convenience." To criticise the book at any length would be to review the whole Irish question.

Mr. Asquith's two speeches are models of English prose, and might with advantage be included in any collection of speeches for the use of budding orators. They are examples of terse brevity and close reasoning combined with all the barrister's skill in skating over the weak spots.

Herbert Samuel began with an exceedingly graceful and well-turned welcome to Mr. Balfour on his return to the House of Commons "from those of us who on political grounds have most reason to regret the return to our debates of so formidable a controversialist." He claimed their title to legislate on the question by saying there is no man in Great Britain who, if he voted for the Liberal Party, did not know that he was voting for the Parliament Bill in order that the road might be clear through the veto of the House of Lords for measures of Liberal reform—and first and foremost amongst them for a measure of Home Rule for Ireland.

Birrell was not at his best, and he drew a storm on himself when he said there was no need to invoke elderly barristers to lead them (the Ulstermen) into the field. This extracted a bitter taunt from Carson which I do not see recorded among the interruptions. Winston Churchill's speech is well worth reperusal—in the light of his subsequent speech on the Heptarchy. Colonel Seely's speech was in his most superior manner, and seemed to irritate Mr. Walter Long.

Sir Edward Grey followed Mr. Balfour, and Rufus Isaacs replied to Mr. J. H. Campbell, but both speeches lose a good deal by not being able to compare them with the charges they are refuting. Herbert Samuel spoke again on the eighth day, and made a closely reasoned speech in reply to Austen Chamberlain, who naturally dwelt with the financial side of the question.

The Postmaster-General concluded by declaring that the debate showed—to his satisfaction—that all the larger arguments of policy are in favour of the Bill, and that only the petty ones can be advanced against it. So far as finance is concerned, he claimed that, viewed in detail, the Bill offers a just and stable foundation for the future financial relations between the two countries—equitable both to one party and the other. Birrell answered Wyndham, and paid him many compliments for his great and most beneficial measure of land purchase.

The nervousness which T. W. Russell showed whilst making his speech is not indicated in the book. He had a difficult task, for, as he said, he opposed the Bill of 1886, resisted the Bill of 1893, and was now supporting this one. Mr. Asquith's second speech on May 9 completes the anthology. He replied to Mr. Bonar Law, and wound up the debate.

On the whole, reading the book after listening to the spoken words, we are of opinion that the debate was a fine one—worthy of the House of Commons and worthy of the great issues involved. We were present during some days in the great debates of '86 and '93, and have refreshed our memory by glancing through Hansard. The style of speaking has changed—the speeches then were fiercer and far more voluminous, the periods rounder and more sonorous. This was a contest very much briefer, without so much eloquence, but more closely reasoned and more business-like.

Every man who took part in it on both sides had the subject at his fingers'-ends, and they do not smell of the lamp as some did in the earlier years.

We can only conclude as we began. The Radical Party are quite within their rights in extracting so many speeches from Hansard, but it is merely an artful way of putting their case before the public, and as a book is beyond criticism.

## The Mastery of the World

*Empires of the Far East: A Study of Japan and of Her Colonial Possessions, of China and Manchuria, and of the Political Question of Eastern Asia and the Pacific.* By LANCELOT LAWTON. 2 vols. (Grant Richards. 1912.)

THE historical student who reflects on the developments of the last half-century cannot help feeling grave misgivings as to the future of our Empire in the next hundred years. The fate of Venice and Genoa, of Portugal, Spain, and Holland, left stranded on half-deserted highways of commerce, seems to warn the greatest commercial Power of modern times of possible reverses in store for it. When the Mediterranean was the great highway of trade, Venice and Genoa struggled for the monopoly of the exchange between Europe and the East. The discovery of the Eastern sea-route to the Indies, followed by that of America towards the West, brought the centre of trade to the shores of the Atlantic, and Spain, Holland, and England in turn became the centre of the markets of the world. In our own time a new ocean has been opened up to trade, new nations have grown to vigorous life on the shores of the Pacific, and ancient empires are awakening to take their share in competition with European civilisation.

The outcome of this struggle, of which we have seen only the merest preliminaries, is fateful for the human race, and we may rest assured that decisions which our rulers may be called on to make at any moment will have the greatest consequences in the future. Such decisions should only be made after deep consideration, and with a full knowledge of the character and resources of the protagonists in the drama, a knowledge which has been up to the present difficult to obtain. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we welcome a work from Mr. Lancelot Lawton, whose writing is familiar to readers of THE ACADEMY, on the "Empires of the Far East," which will go far to supply that knowledge to the public. The East Coast of the Pacific, as far as international questions of commerce and politics are concerned, is shared between China, Korea, Manchuria, and Japan, and it is significant of the disturbance of the "Eternal East" that, since the title of the book was chosen, two ancient dynasties, those of Korea and of China, have fallen. Mr. Lawton has aimed at giving us, as near as may be, an account of the peoples of these realms, of their resources and activities, and of the political problems to which their contact with Europeans have given rise. The chief of these, the one on which all others turn, is the question whether Japan will become Mistress of the Pacific, uniting under one control the resources of these

Empires of the Far East, and using them against the West—whether she has the material wealth, the moral qualities, the character, necessary to build up a World-State of this magnitude.

The answer may be gathered from the book before us. In it we have the most complete account of Japan from this point of view that has ever been put together—her history, her law and constitution, her administration, religion, and social life, her finances and industries. All of these are of deep interest, but the most valuable section of the first volume is undoubtedly that in which Mr. Lawton speaks with a first-hand authority, which can be claimed by very few—the chapters on the results of the Russo-Japanese War and the importance of the Amur Railway. His conclusion is, put in terms of historical criticism, that Japan has exhausted herself in that great struggle with Russia, as Portugal did in the early days of the conflict for the mastery of the Atlantic, and that her morality, social and commercial, betokens a character which does not promise recuperative power. His account of Japan is naturally followed by one of Korea and of the Japanese colonies, such as Formosa, and this by an invaluable section on Manchuria. It is hardly exaggeration to call this immense country the richest in the world, and it behoves British merchants to see that they get a due share of its trade, from which they are in considerable danger of being excluded. Lastly, there is a full account of the political and financial history of modern China.

It is not easy to pass a considered judgment on such a monumental work. There are probably not more than half a dozen men in our country who have the right to praise or blame it from the standpoint of equal or superior knowledge. From the literary point of view we may be less reserved. The book suffers, no doubt, as a work of art from the fact that Mr. Lawton has often been obliged to quote at length from his authorities—to sacrifice beauty to use. But this does not interfere with the fact that his book is clearly conceived, well planned, and admirably executed; that in its historical and descriptive chapters the interest does not flag for a single moment, and that the impartiality and accuracy which the author aimed at seem to have been attained. The immense accumulation of facts brought together is made accessible at a moment's notice by a very good index, and the whole is elucidated by a number of sketch-maps.

The problems of the Pacific, with which Mr. Lawton deals with the authority derived from long study and intimate personal knowledge, are, we repeat, of vital importance to this country, and it is the urgent duty of public men to acquaint themselves with their conditions. On the next few years depends the question of who shall obtain the trade of Manchuria and China, and whether Anglo-Saxon or Japanese shall be rulers of the Pacific. Mr. Lawton has rendered a great public service by the issue of these invaluable volumes, which bring together a complete statement of the conditions of the problem and suggest its answer.

## Shorter Reviews

*The British Empire Shakespeare: A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Edited by HOWARD DE WALDEN and ACTON BOND. (George Routledge and Sons, Ltd.)

WE have noticed on previous occasions these neat booklets of the British Empire Shakespeare Society; this, the third volume, well satisfies the anticipations we had formed. The object of the production of the plays in this style, with certain passages in smaller type, is, as all our readers may not know, to enable each play to be rendered within a limit of about two hours, without sacrificing either dramatic continuity or beauty in the verse. Inevitably opinions must differ as to what can, with least damage to the whole effect, be omitted; especially, perhaps, in dealing with so famous a fantasy as "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Suffice it to say that in the edition before us we find no reason to complain; nearly all the well-known and beloved dialogue is untouched, and the general result, if not enhanced in its charm by compression—presuming the omission of the parts in small type—is, at any rate, unspoiled.

*Legends: Autobiographical Studies.* By AUGUST STRINDBERG. (Andrew Melrose. 5s. net.)

AUGUST STRINDBERG, perverter of youth, anti-Christian, scoffer of mysticism, is represented in these pages as longing to embrace the very teachings which in the past he had so strongly denounced. His search for the spiritual, or the spiritual search for him, is very different from that revealed in "The Everlasting Mercy" or "The Hound of Heaven." We do not doubt the sincerity of these confessions. The pitiful cry of anguish, the awful doubts, the self-revelations, remind most of us of certain days when our souls had no abiding harbour. Strindberg longs for peace, for one glimpse of the Christ Child that shall heal his wounds; but he is tormented day and night by malignant forces. He hears devils dancing strange measures, to say nothing of a horrible paw of some nameless animal scratching on his bedroom wall. He imagines that he is capable of invisibility, and on another occasion half believes that he is the Wandering Jew. He tells the story of a wicked friend of his who had a cigar snatched from his lips no less than three times by spirit hands, and frequently sees spots of blood on his own hand without being able to account for its presence. The man who has a cold bath in the morning and does exercises before breakfast will exclaim, rather contemptuously, "Nerves!" Granted, and we also admit that, when a man is consciously or unconsciously suffering from neurasthenia, he has no business to pore over Swedenborg, much less to dabble in spiritualism and mediæval magic. But the fact remains that we are given the study of a poor, nerve-racked outcast trying to lift a corner of the veil and failing, always failing. The heart that is not moved by such a spectacle is cold indeed.

*The Ethical and Religious Value of the Novel.* By RAMSDEN BALMFORTH. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

THE title of this book is an ambitious one, leading the reader to expect a treatise in which literary, as well as ethical, canons are more or less scientifically applied. When we open it, however, we discover it to be a series of addresses—really sermons of an unconventional type—in which a whole novel takes the place of the usual Scripture text; Mr. Balmforth tells us that he delivered the contents of this volume to his congregation at Cape Town on Sunday evenings. The method of the author is so simple as almost to disarm criticism; he first tells briefly the plot of the novel he is dealing with, and then proceeds to moralise rather obviously thereon. His own religious attitude appears to be thoroughly modern and free from narrowness. The novels he has chosen are, however, of a kind that yield their moral quite easily to any thoughtful reader. This will be seen if we name a few of his sub-titles: "'Adam Bede' and the supreme moral law;" "'The Scarlet Letter' and the law of retribution;" "'The Increasing Purpose' and the law of development." A reader of any of these novels would have to be very dull if something of their moral import did not strike him. With strictly literary criticism our author has nothing to do; he keeps wholly to the ethical and moral aspects. Considering the nature of his work we suppose he could hardly do otherwise. We think, however, that there is room for a work on this subject of a more thorough-going and scientific type; done by a competent man it would be a valuable contribution to the vexed question of the precise relationship between literature and life. Such a work would sweep with a very wide net, and would include many novels in which the moral was by no means obvious. Meanwhile we commend Mr. Balmforth's volume to those who like that hybrid production which is neither a sermon nor an essay, but a little of both.

*Bohemia in London.* By ARTHUR RANSOME. (Stephen Swift and Co. 2s. net.)

THIS re-issue of Mr. Ransome's exhilarating book is welcome, for few other volumes paint so well the joys and sorrows, the hopes and despairs of the young artist who comes to conquer London. Only those who have been "through the mill" can truly understand the subject; to them the description of the arrival, the bare rooms furnished chiefly with unlimited faith and hope, the studio-life, the gay parties in Soho—still to be found by those who know where to seek—will make an irresistible appeal. The illustrations to this edition are by Fred Taylor, and add much to the pleasure of re-reading.

*Browning's Teaching on Faith, Life and Love.* By W. ARTHUR HIND. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

IN the strict sense of the word "teach," Browning was not a teacher, and it is erroneous to suppose, as one unacquainted with his works might be led by

this little volume of essays to imagine, that the poet ever deliberately set out to preach a sermon, or even to point a moral. What he aimed at, what he was supremely skilled in achieving, was the unravelling of the tangled skein of men's hopes, fears, beliefs, and doubts. Ever and anon, it may be, there gleams from some subtle analysis of motives and emotions the suggestion that "all's well with the world," but the poet is stronger than the preacher, and, many as be his parables, there is never a sermon on the mount.

Mr. Hind, in his zealous propagation of that which he holds for truth, is apt to overrun his master. In his rendering of the story of Andrea del Sarto we lose the infinite pathos of a life ruined for despised love: "There's still Lucrezia—as I choose." Mr. Hind takes it for granted that Gigadibs' reading of the "latest chapter of St. John" was conclusive. Was it? And is not the final message of the Epistle of Karshish, "It is strange"? Indeed, the "strangeness" of it all is the predominant note in Browning's religious studies. "How very hard it is to be a Christian!" he sings, in the opening lines of "Easter Day," and the concluding words of that poem are the significant question, "Who can say?" The poet's mind was too vast and free to submit to the yoke of any dogmatism, Christian or otherwise, and one cannot but regret any attempt to call the wares of proselytism for sale beneath his sign. "Toleration above all things!" is his cry: "Mercy every way is infinite—and who can say?"

Take another of those examples upon which Mr. Hind bases his argument, "A Death in the Desert." The poem is very far from being the triumphant vindication of Christian faith which Mr. Hind sees in it. It insists rather upon the difficulties and inconsistencies of that faith—yea, through the very mouth of the last and best loved of the disciples. Cerinthus the heretic stands out in high and suggestive relief, and the caustic comment that, if anybody is "lost," it is Cerinthus is not that of the poet. Such was the way of him whose study was the heart and mind of man. To "cling to faith beyond the forms of faith," in the words of that other seeker after truth, availed not to blind his vision to the possibility of philosophic doubt. Therefore, from the point of view of orthodoxy, we doubt if Mr. Hind's fervour is wisely applied.

## Fiction

*St. Lô.* By DOROTHY M. STUART. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

IT is good to read such a romance as this, for too often a story of mediæval times is wearisome by reason of vain attempts at atmosphere and long descriptive passages that thwart the reader. For, except in definite historical studies, the charm of olden time is best conveyed by the expression of character through action, and that action should be swift from beginning to end.

Here in "St. Lô" we have it, the swiftly moving

story of a brave man and the just reward of his deeds. We are interested in the unmarquised marquis of old France before the first chapter is left behind, and long before half the pages are turned we are as deeply in love with him as was Elizabeth de la Vère. This probably is because the author has not paused to describe the man or his attributes, but has visualised him through his actions, and in terse, strong style made him alive and real. It is a book to be read at a sitting, for the interest does not flag for one page. Perhaps at one time we chafed at being kept in the dark—as in the case of Namur's lying letter—as to the reason for an act or the identity of an actor, but for the most part we were content to read on, and regretful when the last page ended a journey into the land of true romance. Miss Stuart's book must rank as a fine piece of work; it is a clean, brave story, bravely told.

*Until that Day.* By HAROLD WINTLE. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

MR. WINTLE is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and also a novelist-politician. We like him best on the sea, where he is quite at home, and can make one feel the rush of a great racing-yacht, with sails drawing freely the wind broad on the beam, speeding quickly over dancing sunlit waves towards her winning mark.

The political part of the book, which is very earnest in tone, deals with the question of party government as practised in these latter days—its abuses and selfishness and utter disregard of the interest of the nation as an Imperial nation. With all this we cordially agree. The degradation of politics to party uses is recognised by all thinking persons, and there are many who will agree with every word the author says; but the suggested remedy—viz., to restore the divine right of kings and make the monarch of these realms an absolute one—is out of the question. In the first place, no monarch, or even a President of the United States, craving for absolute power could or would go so far. His ambition would o'erleap itself.

The new movement in favour of an absolute monarchy is well described, and eloquent speeches are made by its adherents. The King himself is forcibly dealt with, but to no ultimate good purpose; but all this is part of the story, and we must leave our readers to study the cause and effect which form the two halves of the book itself.

Some of the characters we have met before in earlier books of the same author, and there is an undercurrent life history of one of them which prevents the reader from being for a moment bored by the political issue if politics are not to his fancy.

*Jean Cameron.* By WILLIAM OTTERSTOUN. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 6s.)

WHAT is truth, and what is the law? This novel introduces some interesting Scotch characters, both of men and women, but the life stories are only a medium for introducing what we suppose are the writer's ideas on

hypnotism, the position of women especially with reference to marriage, and the conventions attaching thereto, and religion generally. One or two of the men think they have godlike characters; but, if society were reconstituted on the basis suggested by the author, there would be but few children brought into the world, and these would not have a father to call their own. The ultimate result is easy to foresee. The sex problem is dealt with in quite a nauseating and brutal way, all in favour of women. The author's experience, if his ideas are founded on experience, are of a very unhappy nature; if not founded on experience, they are problematical and consequently worthless. In any case, he had much better have kept his opinions out of print. His medical knowledge is childish to a degree.

One protest we must make on behalf of general readers and parents and guardians who are responsible for the education of the rising generation—that is, books like the one under review should be labelled, and should not be thrown on the general book market under an innocent title which gives no idea of their special contents. Freedom of thought is one thing, its expression without any warning to an audience not desirous of hearing is another, and we are surprised that such a book should be placed on the market.

*John.* By STRAHAN RICHARDS. (Andrew Melrose and Co. 6s.)

WE make acquaintance with John at the point where he is tempted by a lady of greater charm than virtue from allegiance to his betrothed, and, despairing at his own weakness and conduct unfitting to a clerk in holy orders, he commits suicide. We follow him through some two or three hundred years of adventure as a disembodied spirit, and, half-way through the book, meet him in the flesh once more—he is reincarnated into the same family, set to withstand the identical temptation of old time—again as a clerk in holy orders. He is finally left chastened in spirit to await reunion with his true lady love, who has been reincarnated with him only to fade away into another life, rather than to die, in the manner of a very romantic and very consumptive damsel of early Victorian romance—although we are not definitely informed of the nature of this lady's disease. The book is a tangle of religion, superstition, theosophy, and Christianity, and since Mr. Strahan Richards attempts to reconcile orthodox Christianity with the doctrine of reincarnation, we are not deeply impressed by his conclusions—nor, as a matter of fact, by his book.

### Shorter Notices

THE Napoleonic era has been productive of whole libraries of books, but we remember few dealing with the French and American prisoners on Dartmoor, and telling how they fared at the hands of their captors. In "THE LOVERS" (Ward, Lock, and Co., 6s.) Mr. Phill-

potts has given us a realistic work on this subject, and, of course, he is at home on Dartmoor; still, there is something alien about this book. From some mysterious cause it is not the Eden Phillpotts of "Sons of the Morning" and other earlier works; it is as if an acknowledged master of his craft had grown somewhat careless, though there are passages, notably those which tell of the death of Richard Bolt, containing as fine work as any that this writer has accomplished. Again, that grim chapter which tells of executions on the Hill of Heavtree is sufficiently realistic to satisfy the most exacting. We own to a sincere affection for the young Godolphin and his love, as well as for his father; we feel that the author has tangled a number of threads to a certain extent, and then laid them out neatly and in order—and that is all. For the story lacks that fine quality of inevitableness which characterises such works of this writer as are built up on character alone, rather than character combined with period and historic effect. To put it briefly, we do not quite know this Eden Phillpotts, nor take to him quite so kindly as we did to that one who tells us stories of the Dartmoor of to-day.

Seymour King, actor, bore a striking resemblance to the King of Mysonia, which is yet another of those imaginary little Balkan States. At the last limit of an empty pocket, Seymour finds an opportunity of personating the other king and breaking up a certain gang of anarchists who had bombs in their possession which were to have terminated the life of Mysonia's monarch. Result—much glory for Seymour. That is practically all the story in "TWO KINGS," by Cosmo Hamilton (Chatto and Windus, 2s. net), but there are eight more sketches, in nearly all of which this business of the double is dragged in, and in practically every case the double succeeds in bringing off his scheme and securing affluence or whatever else he may happen to desire. This is all very well for one story, or even for two stories, but we must confess that it grows rather monotonous after a time. For the rest, the stories are written in entertaining magazine style, and are somewhat interesting—they do not bite very deeply, nor leave much impression on the reader's mind: in fact, they read rather like pot-boilers, collected and republished—which, in all probability, they are.

"THE MODERN MARKET PLACE," by "Coronet" (John Long, 6s.), might be acceptable as a novel for a wet day, but that could be the only excuse for reading such a book. Beautiful society ladies—a defaulting smooth-haired bank-clerk who becomes Prime Minister—plenty of whisky-and-soda, and cigarettes which are always lit by matches out of gold match-boxes, make up the story, together with caricatures of well-known men in not very good taste, and a beautiful Russian spy—they are all beautiful, these Russian lady spies. The total is supposed—but only supposed—to be a true account of the manners and customs of the highest English society of to-day. Let us hope for fine weather, and have no excuse for reading light literature of this sort.

Most books written about Ceylon are interesting, and in "THE PEARL OF THE EAST," by M. T. Hainselin (Greening and Co., 6s.), there is much fresh and forcible description of that pleasant country. The ancient history of the Island, the Kandian war of 1803-1815, etc., are well known to few people. This tale is founded on an old legend, and also on the theme of the transmigration of souls. The principal characters are skilfully and consistently portrayed. The heroine, nicknamed by the natives the Pearl of the East, is supposed by them to be the incarnate spirit of a beloved princess of Kandy who died with and for her lover a hundred years ago. It is somewhat incongruous, however, to suppose that a forest and jungle had entirely overgrown the ancient cities of Kandy in a hundred years, while the royal city of Sigri was found in the centre of the jungle, clear and clean, with its temples and other buildings in good condition, and containing the original Pearl of the East among other treasures. A somewhat problematical character is that of the Buddhist priest Goonetilleke, who is not only a clairvoyant—and incidentally a graduate of Oxford—but has the power of rendering himself invisible. On one occasion, a leopard, on the point of attacking the priest, passed clean through his body, an experience calculated to upset the nerves of any self-respecting feline.

"THE RACE OF CIRCUMSTANCE," by H. R. Campbell (Stephen Swift and Co., 6s.), is founded on the will of an American millionaire, who wishes to ruin the son of a lady who refused to marry him years before, and espoused his brother instead. John Manxe, a young man of fair ability as a lawyer, and a general favourite in a small provincial American township, has his life and character ruined by the temptations of the huge fortune he unexpectedly inherits from the uncle who had always done his utmost to harm him. He also derived from his father and his uncle the dreadful vice of drink, which he became incapable of checking after the inheritance of his uncle's great wealth. Mrs. Manxe, his mother, is passionately fond of him, and devotes her whole life to the attempt to check, if not to cure, this terrible curse. Her prayer is answered, partly by his own mad act and subsequent repentance, and partly by the benign influence of his playmate and life-long friend, Anne Denny. The story is interesting, although somewhat morbid in parts.

## The Theatre

### "Sandy and His Eliza" on Tour

IN a new play by Mr. H. V. Esmond, who has done so much interesting work, produced at Folkestone, both Miss Eva Moore and he are fitted with parts which keep them pretty constantly on the stage, and they play their by no means easy characters after a fashion which gets every ounce of fun out of them.

The author of a very successful play, the interesting development of which was founded on a very, very complicated will, told me, when I complained of this, that he was sure the public would accept anything, provided it was merely an initial circumstance—and led on to a powerful entertainment. Mr. Esmond, I apprehend, agrees with the writer of "The New Sin," for his premisses are a little difficult to swallow, but the fun he evolves is very real.

The Hon. Sandy Verrall is a young man about town—with all Mr. Esmond's liveliness and charm—who once had his life saved by a Salvation Army captain, Van Dam. The captain dies, and leaves his daughter for Verrall to "cherish." The hero engages an excellent old nurse, arranges a nursery in his flat, and awaits a blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl who will fill his home with sunshine and delight the actress, Vera Laurence—cleverly played by the beautiful Miss Diana Cortis—who is about to marry him.

Of course, the lady who appears is something quite other from his idea of an agreeable ward. She is really Miss Eva Moore, Eliza Van Dam, made up to look so extremely disagreeable that she was quite unrecognisable. But beneath this unfortunate appearance she has a heart of gold and all that sort of thing. She takes a fancy to Sandy, succeeds, of course, in usurping the place of Miss Laurence in his easy affections, and all ends well. As the play progresses, through many ingenious windings, she sometimes appears altogether beautiful and engaging, or over-dressed and ridiculous, or as one first saw her—the awkward, middle-class, badly dressed woman. These changes are a little difficult, both for the audience and the play. While Miss Moore is transforming herself "off," something has to be done, and thus there are pauses and rather dull passages which rob the new farcical comedy of the gaiety and *élan* so necessary to this kind of play. No doubt, however, if we in town are to see "Sandy and His Eliza"—renamed in the course of the action Dorothy, to match with her pretty frocks—the slowness will be taken out of the dialogue and the three acts played much more quickly. As it stands, it is difficult to take any interest in the minor characters, but they will improve their pace, I feel sure, and then "Sandy and His Eliza" may have a fortunate future.

### "The Dancing Mistress" at the Adelphi

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES has recently been telling the world of changed stage ideals, and has hinted pretty broadly that he often anticipates or leads the London taste in those matters that concern musical comedy. He has certainly done many surprising things during the last twenty-five years, but for the moment, with "The Dancing Mistress," he does not produce an epoch-making change. In fact, the new musical play repeats the victories of many an old one, especially, perhaps, "The Quaker Girl." But that it will be none the less

successful on that account there is not the slightest doubt. Notwithstanding Mr. Edwardes' truism that musical comedy is not what it used to be a quarter of a century ago, the latest production is at least uncommonly like a good many we have had during the last five years, with the exception of "The Girl in the Taxi." Mr. Launa, Mr. Ross, Mr. Greenbank, Mr. Lionel Monckton, and Mr. Malone do not desire to do anything other than follow the old roads of good fortune. Beautiful backgrounds, a gorgeous chorus, and a cast which is a constellation of stars will do the rest. The play begins with the delightful girls' school, near Brighton, where Miss Gertie Millar, a veritable mistress of the art, teaches dancing, and the amusing Mlle. Caumont gives lessons in French. After many gay airs, much more or less lively dialogue, and a little musical-comedy sadness over Miss Gertie Millar's dismissal from the school on account of the amusing "Porcupine Patrol," everybody arrives at the second act and the winter sports of Oberwald. But the well-versed reader does not care to learn just what happens. He is sure to see "The Dancing Mistress" for himself, and will find it as he wishes, an improved echo of a dozen such plays that have gone before, or an entirely new and delightful comedy, with the cleverest possible music, by Mr. Monckton, and all sorts of gay humours on the part of Miss Gracie Leigh, Mr. Joseph Coyne, Miss Elsie Spain, and other gifted people who do all that is needed in these splendid, if somewhat reminiscent productions. In some points the management has certainly out-distanced even its own records—the ladies are even more beautiful and the dresses a degree more *ravissant* than usual.

EGAN MEW.

### "The Good Hope" at the King's Hall

THERE was some very fine acting and some excellent scenes in Herr Herman Heijermans' play, "The Good Hope," produced on Sunday evening by the Pioneer Players, but it is doubtful whether the theme of the story is likely to appeal very greatly to English audiences at the present day. We do not know the exact method of procedure in Holland, but in this country insurance companies are now too astute to insure unseaworthy ships of unscrupulous shipowners, and merchants are not bent upon sending their employees to their doom in a "floating coffin" such as "The Good Hope." Three of the acts take place in Kniertje's cottage in a Dutch fishing village; Geert, Kniertje's elder son, has been imprisoned for insubordination in the navy, and returns to his mother's house in time to be taken as one of the crew of "The Good Hope." Barend, the second son, is an arrant coward, and requires two members of the police force to take him on board. The ship is wrecked, and in the last act at the shipowner's office wild scenes take place, as one after another the womenfolk come and learn the fate of the men.

As we have said, the play cannot make a universal

appeal, but praise must be accorded to several of the scenes. It is sometimes asked, wherein lies the charm of some of the younger actresses? And the question might with equal reason be asked of the great favourite of the stage, Ellen Terry. As Kniertje she was excellent; always the respectful fishwife, she presented a great contrast to Geert, the soured Socialist, and Barend, the miserable ne'er-do-well. Her reception of the news at the shipowner's office is a very fine piece of acting. Miss Edith Craig as Saart, a lively widow, Miss Ellen O'Malley as Jo, Geert's sweetheart, Mr. E. Harcourt Williams as Barend, and Mr. Stanley Turnbull all do the best possible with their parts. We must, however, make two small complaints. We wish that less prompting was necessary, and why should there be such a long wait between each act when there is comparatively no change made in the scene?

### Aspects of Ireland: The Old Irish Faith\*

EVEN as new philosophies usually contrive to adjust themselves into creed and practice, so old faiths fell on either hand into cosmogony and ritual. And the ritual will often perpetuate itself through the years when the cosmogony has either passed away or been so kneaded into the substance of other things that it is not easy to believe that it was once a living and healthy faith. There can be few who have travelled through the western parts of Ireland without feeling continually that the remnants of an ancient thing spin through the whole of the social life like a web, holding it together often, like a pattern picked out on an older woof. Only a short while ago, for instance, in a remote end of the County Mayo, we noticed a deserted cottage of a strange appearance. It is no very strange thing to see a deserted cottage in Ireland, to be sure. When a cottage falls badly into disrepair, it is often as easy to build a new one as revise the old. But this cottage was not in disrepair: neither it nor its outbuildings looked as if it had been abandoned because the winds and the rains proved untimely bedfellows. Moreover, it stood alone, away from the cluster that formed the village, on a green headland. Inquiries showed that the headland was a fairy site; and, as we were told, "It was a widow woman, and she's a wiser woman at the present time, I think. She was advised, but she had a wilful way with her, and the first night her cow was took ill, the next night her horse died on her, then she fell lame, and, what with one trouble on another, she left the place she built, and she'll tell you so much herself if you'd like

\* *The Religions of the Ancient Celts.* By J. A. MACCULLOCH, D.D. (T. and T. Clark. 10s. net.)

*The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries.* By W. Y. EVANS WENTZ. (Frowde. 12s. 6d. net.)

to step down to her." It was not necessary. There stood a good tenable cottage in proof of something more than the ordinary.

Yet this was only a more dramatic instance of something that is always occurring in the life of the people. The detailed memory of all that it once meant has perished, but its significances are quick and supple in their consciousness. Beltane and Samhain rites are still observed in many places, not, as in England, as mere festive occasions, but with all realisation of their religious and magical significance. Fairies are still seen and recognised, not, as in the Highlands of Scotland, in fear and a malign dread, but with a frank perception of their power, and even with respect and affection in certain cases. Yet the knowledge of who they are and what they are supposed to be has so far passed away that it is a frequent thing to hear certain knolls spoken of as Danish forts when it is fairly obvious that they are the "side," or raths, of the Dé Dananns. How truly alive the ritual of the faith is, and the vision that gave rise to the faith is abundantly shown in the numerous instances, personally procured, that Dr. Evans Wentz gives in his book. It is not very well arranged; and there is an unfortunate feeling sometimes that his zeal has run before his discretion: yet some such collection was called for; and no one who has come into any manner of touch with the instincts and emotions of a very purely lived people but will find his experiences reduplicated in many of the instances that Dr. Wentz gives. The fairy-faith is not a fantasticality; it is not a decoration; it is a living thing grounded on experience. The word "fairy," in its present meaning in England, is unfortunate. What is meant is certain hierarchies of Earth-presences, widely different in appearance, but seemingly similar in way of life, towards whose indisputable being many of the foremost minds of to-day are coming by different roads.

Who, and what, then, are these "Earth-presences"? It is truly a far wider question than appears in its more particular reference to Ireland. It is a significant thing that the Greeks had visions of such presences very closely similar to that which to this hour weaves its way through the earth-consciousness in, chiefly, the West and South of Ireland. That is a larger matter, and one for the poet to express. But in Ireland it has behind it a cosmogony that is more or less well defined. Professor Rhys, in his "Celtic Folk-Lore," has already dealt with it from one aspect; and Dr. MacCulloch approaches it from another point of view in the attempt to give the whole field a unity. Unfortunately the value of his book is a little apt to be lost in his display of learning for its own sake, and the omission of some differences that lie at the base of his whole inquiry. For example, from one way of regarding the question, these presences seem to be of two different orders: there are the fairies properly so called, water-spirits, tree-spirits, leprechauns, bocanachs, and so on, and there are the Tuatha Dé Danann. The former seem to be small and slight of build, whereas the latter are tall, white, and exceedingly beautiful. Then, again, there are those who appear to

be identified with the spirits of the dead; and there are those who have an existence independent of men. Dr. MacCulloch faithfully covers the whole field with indefatigable patience, but he scarcely distinguishes between these clearly enough. Indeed, once or twice he speaks of them as though they were the same thing.

With regard to the Tuatha Dé Danann, for example, whenever these are referred to, either in the old Irish literature or on the lips of a modern seer, it is always clear that they are something quite different from the ordinary fairies—bigger, more powerful, and something more akin to gods. Yet on the borders of history and legend the Dé Dananns are one of the peoples who conquered and inhabited Ireland. It is arresting to read one of the seers whom Dr. Wentz quotes, who tells of an order of beings, tall, fair, and beautiful, and then to read the annalists, who tell that the Dé Dananns, a tall, fair race, came and conquered Ireland, vanquishing the Firbolgs, a short, dark race. It is more than curious to remember that both the Firbolgs and the Dé Dananns seem to have come originally from Greece. Did they bring with them the vision of earth-spirits? How came it that they themselves passed into a separate order of spirits that haunt the soil of the fairies? Did each race that possessed the land so cling to it after defeat that they became for their successors the spirits inhabiting the earth, together with those that had their natural life with the life of lake, stream, and tree? It is such questions that one is for ever asking, and that Dr. MacCulloch does not always attempt to answer. Moreover, there were the Druids, from whom, originally, it would seem, came the undoubted powers that modern witch-doctors and rann speakers wield. What order of powers was it they called on?

Yet, although such questions do not have an answer, it is remarkable to read these two books, and to note the way they fit into one another. Dr. MacCulloch does not order the cosmogony of the ancient Celtic religion as it held its rule in Ireland, chiefly, as it seems to us, because he has too much encumbered his pages with incidental references; but since he covers the whole field with indisputable learning, he makes it clear that there was some fairly well-ordered faith. Then, as one reads the instances that Dr. Wentz has gathered together in his book, of shrewd, keen men who have seen visions with waking eyes, and known experiences such as one may easily match in the country for oneself, it is plain to see the old faith in its modern reflection. Or, as possibly it should be put, it is possible to see the same experiences repeating themselves that were the cause of the old faith. One remembers that only recently the German philosopher, Fechner, was enunciating the life and sentience of the Earth; and one sees a people to whom the Earth not only demonstrates its life in beings and presences now, but to whom the Earth has always done so since the earliest trace we have of their instinct of faith and their order of religious rite.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

## The Menagerie of Travel

By F. G. AFLALO.

CARTOGRAPHERS of the Middle Ages employed a picturesque device for at once appealing to the popular imagination and hiding their own imperfections. Whenever they came to a vast tract of Africa, or any of the other less explored continents, they scorned to leave it as blank as their ignorance demanded of strict regard for the truth, but decorated it with a thumbnail sketch of some more or less appropriate animal vaguely supposed to be characteristic of the region. There is, for instance, the famous sixteenth century map of Africa by Diego Ribero, in which mammoth elephants and gigantic birds abound even in the Nile delta as reminder of the elephants that haunted the beaches of Morocco at the time of Hanno, as well as of the roc made famous by Sinbad the Sailor.

Yet, making some due allowance for the march of civilisation and resulting retreat of wild life to the inner sanctuaries of the virgin wilderness, it is a constant surprise to modern travellers, even off the beaten tourist track, that they should see so few animals. Truly there is more in these scenes of our travels than meets the eye. I have waited, hidden in a Russian forest a hundred miles from civilisation, for a shot at daybreak, without seeing any creature more formidable than a hare in a tract known to harbour bear, lynx, wolf, and other big game. I have camped in the Rocky Mountains, with never a glimpse of bear or puma; in Java, without a sign of tiger or rhinoceros; in the Caucasus, amid such lifeless stillness that all the wild game might have been exterminated by Demidoff, Littledale, and other famous hunters of that majestic range. That the animals of travel are so few and far between is due to the exceeding wisdom of the animals themselves, which, even more consistently since the advent of firearms than when the wise Brahmin conversed with Alexander the Great, keep as far from the lord of creation as possible.

This seeming absence of wild life from Nature's "backblocks" is, so far as tourist experiences go, in great measure due to the nocturnal habits of the greater carnivora, and even of some horned game, which thus play "Box and Cox" with the average traveller and wholly escape observation. Though he may wander for long hours of daylight in the bush, without the faintest indication of these timid neighbours, which, scenting him from afar, dash helter-skelter out of reach, he will often be awakened after the camp fire has died down to its last embers by the crack of a twig, as some curious deer or prowling bear comes nosing gingerly towards his tent, when he has but to turn in his sleep to send the intruder hot-foot back to safety. Hearing an unknown animal in the darkness, however, is very different evidence from seeing it in daylight, and it is more particularly the latter experience which—save in the case of those who deliberately beat the jungle for sport, or, as it appears, of favoured passengers by the Uganda Railway, who seem to be carried through a kind of unenclosed zoological garden—is so curiously rare.

Even the silent angler, creeping along the banks of remote rivers that sing their happy way through the forest primeval, is not, as I can testify from almost barren memories in five Continents, vouchsafed a much closer intimacy with these shy freeholders of the jungle than those who travel in company and without any regard for studying to be quiet.

Here and there, it is true, an entry in old diaries tells another tale, but the occasions of these sudden encounters are so few and far between as to come at memory's bidding without even turning up the records. There was a cow moose which, with her two little calves, trotted down to the opposite bank of a Canadian salmon river one gorgeous July evening, and which, getting wind of me fully five minutes after I had first espied the family party, went crashing away through the timber, leaving her young ones to follow as best they could, a hint which they eventually took after floundering a few moments in the snow-fed water of the Miramichi. There was a rattlesnake, on which, as it lay coiled full in a sunny path close to the beach of a little island on which I lived awhile, in Florida, I came with such startling suddenness as to leave no choice but to clap over the deadly reptile a large butterfly net, with which I was, in fact, on the warpath. That done, the net had to be sacrificed to the occasion, since there was nothing for it but to break off the handle and with it batter the snake into something quite unlike its living self and effectually cleansed of its original sin. Thus died the serpent in my Eden, and I mused on the subject of such creatures. *Il y a des héros en mal comme en bien*, says La Rochefoucauld, and venomous snakes, like tigers, may serve some beneficent purpose in the great scheme of which we all are part; but I felt, even as the net descended over its yellow head, that the purpose of that particular individual was not to hurry me to a resort which, without irreverence, I purpose visiting more in my own good time.

As distinguished from such stationary types of wild life as are peculiarly associated with their own environment—the stag standing proudly on the skyline, the alligator basking grimly in the mud, the jewelled humming-bird and velvet butterfly flashing across sunlit tracks in the jungle, or the lammergeier poised between heaven and earth amid the mountains—there are those animals which, themselves travellers, are even less likely than the rest to be seen by the tourist, though residents in the country are familiar with the wonderful migrations of the Norwegian lemming or Newfoundland caribou.

On the other hand, though the creatures of the wilderness may obey the wise instinct which prompts them to give the human race a wide berth, there is, for those who travel in many latitudes far from the convenience of the railroad, a menagerie even in the beasts of burden enlisted in their wanderings. The different types of horse, from sturdy mountain ponies of the Yosemite to majestic stallions of the desert; the brutish camels, infinitely enduring and undeniably stupid; the obstinate mules and more amenable asses; not to mention elephants, yaks, reindeer and sledge-dogs. These

"House Animals," as our German neighbours not inaptly call them, are part of the abiding interest of the wander-years to which, emancipated from the *Sturm und Drang* of restless youth, greybeards look wonderingly back with further admiration for their immature selves, that were never happy unless for ever on the move.

### Some New French Books

IT is perhaps the result of the Entente Cordiale, but, in any case, England has been the *point de mire* of innumerable French writers, be they novelists, psychologists, or even physiologists. They all seem to have awakened to the fact that their English neighbours may not be so irremediably opposed to their own sensibility as was currently admitted. And it is curious to note that it is quite a new side of English life and character which specially attracts their attention. Happily French authors of to-day do not seem to be uniquely preoccupied by the English hearth and home life as was Pierre de Coulevain in the insipid "*Ile Inconnue*," nor by the dissection of the influence of love and the passions on the English psychology, which seemed to fascinate "*Femina*" to such a degree that she wrote "*L'Ame des Anglais*," which contains perhaps a description of the authoress's *ego*, but surely not of the soul of the English people.

The young authors of to-day strive rather to probe the innermost recesses of the English heart, and to sound and comprehend if possible the pulsations of the various important movements of the last few years. None of them has succeeded so well in this as M. J. Raymond Guasco, who has just published a book of English sketches to which he has given the title of "*John Bull's Island*." M. Guasco's book possesses the great merit of not pretending to initiate his readers to English life *en bloc*; he wishes simply to tell them what he has been able to see of England and the deductions he draws from his impressions. He says himself:—"Ce livre n'a pas de prétention d'apporter la définition exacte de l'âme anglaise, pour la bonne raison qu'elle n'existe pas. Je ne connais pas cette entité mystérieuse. Je connais tout simplement un millier d'Anglais de classes et d'éducation différentes et c'est l'impression qu'ils m'ont produite que j'ai essayé de fixer."

But one must not think that these notes are merely amusing superficialities. Quite the contrary; this M. Guasco himself explains:—"Ce livre, sous une apparence d'étude superficielle est, si vous le voulez bien, un ensemble de documents exacts et précis se rapportant à l'Angleterre et aux Anglais. Les littérateurs à tendance philosophique ne pourront pas me blâmer si je leur confie qu'il a été composé après une sérieuse méditation des ouvrages de Berkeley. C'est en effet de l'auteur des '*Principes de la Connaissance Humaine*' que je me réclame. . . ."

M. Guasco is both bright and concise; moreover, he

possesses a quality which will greatly endear him to his English readers: humour, and what is better still, English humour. He is also a keen ironist, very personal, very modern, very sportive, and all these qualities make his book the most delightful reading possible.

The sketch entitled "*Travailleurs Britanniques*" is a vivid description of modern English workmen, acutely observed, replete with humour, and presenting in a simple form a part of the labour problem, to the comprehension of French readers. In the chapter called "*La Présence Invisible*," M. Guasco has, under an appearance of imperturbable seriousness, made fun of some of the traits of English mentality, and his courteous mockery is in truth subtle criticism.

One of his most amusing notes is on the subject of "*Music Halls*," and is really a delightfully funny "skit" on English shows. He has noted the reply one of his friends made when he expressed his astonishment at the hilarity provoked by the "gagger," the coster, and the clog dancer:—"Vous autres Latins vous avez le goût pervers. Il vous faut des choses sales pour rire. Nous autres Anglais, nous sommes restés enfants, nous rions comme des garçons de treize ans, et si jamais sur cette scène un chanteur se permettait quelque chose de risqué, le silence réprobateur vous étonnerait."

M. Guasco's book will certainly rank, for French people, as containing some excellent sketches of England at the beginning of the twentieth century, and as seen from an impartially sympathetic and humoristic point of view.

When a new book by Rachilde is announced it always causes quite a perturbation amongst her admirers or detractors. Rachilde's romances have hitherto been quite violent, very sensual, perfectly immoral; and it is a real surprise that the author of such excessive works as "*Les Hors Nature*," "*Monsieur Vénus*," and "*L'Heure Sexuelle*" should suddenly present us with a delicate, pure study of a young girl's soul. As Madame Rachilde's chief desire is to be original, it is not impossible that having discovered that passion is a string not to be too much harped upon, she decided that it would be a great deal more original to assume the demure, forget-me-not style. Her analysis of the awakening of a young girl's heart is certainly worthy of the best authors. But Miane, her heroine, strangely resembles Colette Willy's enigmatical Claudine. And it would not be surprising if she grew into as unrestful and curious a young woman as the famous Claudine, whose short frocks and Eton collars are of world-wide renown. But for the present Miane is a demure little person just beginning to be conscious of the charm of her femininity, and in whom the instincts of imperious nature have not yet awakened—happily for her and Madame Rachilde's reassured readers.

It is curious that two such concise, sober, and even severe writers as Jean and Jérôme Tharaud should have undertaken to describe Algeria. For neither their style nor their way of thinking seemed to fit them for such a task.

The theory expressed in "*J a Fête Arabe*," is not to

be blindly accepted as absolutely exact. The brothers Tharaud assert that in Algeria the French element is gradually being overwhelmed and eliminated by the Italian and Spanish emigrants. This is surely subject for discussion. But apart from this it is wonderful that such classical writers have better than anybody been able to describe that glowing country by adapting their qualities of soberness, preciseness, and exactitude towards avoiding any false side-lights, or exaggeration of colours and effects which would diminish the harmony and beauty of the *ensemble*.

They have simply described two journeys they took in Algeria. The first was twenty years ago, when the colony was wholly under French influence and before the civilisation they found in their second journey had introduced such solecisms as electricity, modern comforts, railroads, and motor-cars.

MM. Tharaud contrast the impressions they gathered during their two stays in Algeria, and make certain deductions which we are not competent to appreciate. But their novel—if one may so call it—is remarkable by its sobriety, by the masterly manner in which the different personages are depicted, and especially by the impression of *finesse* which emanates from the whole work.

MARC LOGE.

### Some Christmas Books

THE great enterprise of our Colonies in opening their attractive departments in London must have secured a very large number of the boys and young men who, while they have British blood in their veins, will ever seek fresh fields where they believe there will be a greater scope for their energy than in the mother country. And as if these enticements were not enough, there are consistently issued, year by year, beautifully produced books further to entice our boys across one or other of the oceans which separate this island from her dominions. Sir Harry Johnston in "Pioneers in India" and "Pioneers in Australia" (Blackie and Son, 6s.) gives graphic accounts of daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes of those who helped to make these countries habitable by Europeans. Many of these adventures are claimed to be real, and there is no reason to suppose that the author, with his wide experience, had any need to draw upon fiction in order to fill the pages of the books. Both volumes are well illustrated in colour. The times of Queen Bess are responsible for "Two Gallant Sons of Devon," by Harry Collingwood (Blackie and Son, 5s.). The encounters of these two brave lads with the Spaniards make very exciting reading, and will appeal to all boys, whether they come from the county which has provided so many brave warriors or from others farther afield. Two new editions of stories by popular writers are "Foes of the Red Cockade," a story of the French Revolution, by Captain F. S. Brereton, and "At Agincourt," a tale of the White Hoods of Paris, by G. A. Henty (Blackie and Son,

3s. 6d. each). Mr. Herbert Strang, in "The Air Patrol" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), writes a history of a time when an empire of the East shall attack India. How a handful of men held a pass is told in graphic style, while the whole story is brought quite up to date by the introduction of an aeroplane. Stories by Frank R. Stockton, Clive R. Fenn, Theodore Roosevelt, etc., have been collected by Mr. Alfred H. Miles, and appear "In the Lion's Mouth" (Stanley Paul and Co., 5s.). The S.P.C.K. are responsible for "By Pluck and Luck" (3s. 6d.), by Frederick Harrison, "The Fortunes of Harold Borlase" (2s. 6d.) a story of the days of Blake, by John Graeme, and "The Lost Exile" (2s.), a tale of Siberia, by Gertrude Hollis. Fleet-Surgeon Jeans does not go to warlike times for "John Graham, Sub-Lieutenant, R.N." (Blackie and Son, 6s.), but sketches a story in connection with the Atlantic Fleet in times of peace. The book is well illustrated by C. M. Padday, and is written in a lively and entertaining manner.

It is well known that girls always read their brothers' books, but that is no reason for supposing that they do not also read those published especially for them. In "The Unwilling Schoolgirl" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) Miss Marjory Royce has managed to catch the right kind of interest that will appeal to her girl readers. Ethne is a well-drawn little character, and her development from a spoilt and self-willed child into an affectionate and companionable girl is excellently portrayed, and proves that Miss Royce has what is necessary to make an interesting child-study, namely, a keen sympathy with children and their ways. "The Island of Rushes," by E. E. Cowper (S.P.C.K.), contains what is dearly loved by children—a mystery. The unravelling of this takes some 250 pages, and the book is cheap at the price of 2s. 6d. In compiling his books Mr. Miles has not overlooked his girl readers, and "Where Duty Calls" (Stanley Paul and Co., 5s.) is a good collection of incidents of courage and adventure from such well-known writers as Evelyn Everett-Green, Grace Stebbing, Ena Fitzgerald, etc. The stories are not all wild tales of daring perpetrated in moments of excitement, but deal equally with steadfast adherence to duty in homely and often humdrum circumstances—a courage much harder to maintain than that evoked by animated surroundings. The "Care of Uncle Charlie" (S.P.C.K., 2s.), by Florence Willmot, "Brandon Chase: a Tale of East Anglia" (S.P.C.K., 2s.), by William Webster, and "Her Adopted Son" (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.), by C. M. Vincent, are stories suitable for either boys or girls, and form acceptable gift-books.

The studious child will doubtless appreciate two books issued by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, entitled "Children's Stories from Tennyson," by Nora Chesson, and "Children's Stories from Longfellow," by Doris Ashley, 2s. 6d. net each. These books are illustrated, and will make a child familiar with the principal characters in the well-known poems to which they refer. A similar book is "The Song of

Frithiof" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.), re-told in modern verse by G. C. Allen. As time goes on, more prominence seems to be given to stories and folk-lore of Norsemen and Russians. The present volume combines both amusement and instruction. There are several pages at the end, containing notes on the text in a similar manner to the school-days editions of Shakespeare and other standard works. "Stories of Old" (A. and C. Black, 2s. 6d.), by E. L. Hoskyn, consists of twelve short accounts of heroes, mythical or real, who have left their names in the history of various nations. To impress these upon the child's mind, the book is illustrated with maps of the countries referred to, and spread over the map is a figure of the person about whom the story is written. This cannot be said to add greatly to the beauty of the illustrations, and might possibly lead a child to suppose that a country was only noted as being the home of one great individual. Joan of Arc undoubtedly rendered a great service to the French, but it is questionable whether the Pied Piper of Hamelin, in the eyes of practical Germans, would be chosen as the most noteworthy figure that their country produced.

"Mac" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net) is a saucy little Scotch pup which appears in all sorts of odd places and under all kinds of conditions. The drawings by Cecil Aldin are splendid, and show up well upon the light brown paper upon which they are produced. The text is in Scotch to match Mac. "White Ear and Peter," the life story of a fox (Macmillan and Co., 6s. net), is another book which will appeal to those who are fond of animals, while "Blackie's Children's Annual" (3s. 6d.), with its gay illustrations and varied stories, is calculated to please any child, whatever its particular taste may be.

"The Big Book of Fables," edited by Walter Jerrold (Blackie and Son, 7s. 6d. net), and illustrated by Charles Robinson, is a marvellous book for the price, and consists of a collection of fables taken from those usually associated with the names of Æsop, Jean de la Fontaine, and various other writers. Other fairy stories are "Trystie's Quest" (A. C. Fifield, 5s. net), by Greville Macdonald, illustrated by Arthur Hughes, and "The Magic World" (Macmillan and Co., 6s.), by E. Nesbit, illustrated by H. R. Millar and Spencer Pryse. These stories show vivid imagination, as does also "Timothy in Bushland" (Ward, Lock, and Co., 2s. 6d.), by Mary Grant Bruce. "The Brown Fairies and Other Stories" (A. C. Fifield), by Ethel M. Gate, can be purchased for the modest price of 1s. 6d.

"The Peek-a-Boos' Holiday" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), drawn by Chloë Preston and told by Tom Preston, is an attractive book for quite a small person. "Roundabout Ways" (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.), with verses by Frida Wolfe and pictures by P. A. Staynes, is an instructive book, and will convey many a geographical lesson by its dainty illustrations in blue and brown.

## At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

I REMEMBER the days when McKenna, Ellis Griffiths, and Lloyd George used to howl and hold up their hands in holy horror at the arbitrary way in which "Bills were driven through the House," as they alleged, under Arthur Balfour's gentle rule. If they were sitting now in opposition I wonder what they would have said had A. J. B. treated the House as Asquith did on Wednesday?

We were discussing the nominated Senate. To show the high pitch of slavish discipline to which the party have been brought, imagine the Radicals tamely sitting down and listening to arguments in favour of such a doctrine. Not a popular elected body, mind you, such as they say the House of Lords should be, but a Senate nominated by the Imperial Government, with ten of them to retire every two years until the whole forty at the end of eight years would be nominated by an Irish Prime Minister.

Lees Smith, a solid Liberal lawyer, who will one day adorn the Bench, felt this was almost "too thick," and said so. He thought that it was no real safeguard for the Protestant minority. He would prefer as a compromise that the nomination should remain with the British Government. Bonar Law pointed out that as long as Asquith was in power his amendment would not amount to much, because the Prime Minister was under the heel of Redmond and his nominations would really mean Redmond's nominations. William O'Brien had a third plan; he suggested that officials should ex-officio man the Senate—Lords Lieutenant, Chairmen of County Councils, Lord Mayors, and people of like kidney. Stephen Gwynn, a literary Celt, who looks like a Saxon with his fair peaked beard, said that if Mr. Redmond had the power of nomination he would see that the majority in the Senate were Unionists. This was a bold bid for the Ulstermen, but it did not come off. "No Unionist worthy of the name would consent to serve on such an assembly," said James Craig. Tim Healy out-bid Gwynn: "I would rather be governed by Orangemen in Ireland than archangels at Westminster," he said winningly.

Birrell hinted that he had another plan, and then it all came out. Asquith proposed proportional representation! Nomination was clearly not popular with anyone; very well then—let us have proportional representation. It had often been talked about as an academic proposition; why not try it on, as part of a still greater experiment?

Bonar Law demanded an adjournment so that the House "could consider itself." Asquith demurred with that cool brazen effrontery he always displays when in a tight place—he declared it was merely a matter of machinery. Sitting quite still and saying nothing, a complete deadlock seemed imminent. The proportional "representationers" were keen to discuss this new and delightful idea—what a grand opportunity for putting

their views in practice! But it was found not to be practicable. Illingworth, the new Whip, had either not been told or had forgotten that an amendment ought to have been on the paper. O'Brien withdrew his amendment. There was nothing to discuss. The Opposition persisted and the Government had to give way.

\* "Nought could be done and nought could be said,  
So my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed."

On Wednesday the sudden *volte face* of the Government was the principal topic. Why had the Government done it? When did they make up their minds? Were they riding for a fall? "You actually let us discuss an amendment for two hours in the short time we have at our disposal, when you knew it was absolutely wasting time," said Bonar Law indignantly; "you must have made up your minds on the spur of the moment." "Not necessarily," said Asquith; "I received a deputation in June on the subject had promised to give it careful consideration." "What comes then of the Solicitor-General's undertaking that he would give all the notice possible of any change the Government proposed to make in the Bill?" Asquith did not reply; he pooh-poohed the storm. "The right hon. gentleman accuses me of fresh crimes every day; it will be necessary to compile a new Newgate Calendar of Parliamentary offences." The Opposition roared a fierce acquiescence, and Asquith lost his temper. Bonar Law had said that the proceedings of the previous day formed the best example they had yet had of the Rake's Progress. Asquith is singularly sensitive to gibes of this kind. Anything which affects his position as Leader of the House he at once takes up, and he referred to Bonar Law's "illustrious predecessor," Disraeli, who one fine afternoon in 1866 accepted without notice an amendment which transformed a restricted extension of the Franchise into household suffrage. Then the Ministerialists cheered until Austen swiftly reminded the House that the circumstances were very different then—Disraeli was in a minority. At 10.30 the guillotine fell as usual; this surprising amendment of the Government was agreed to without a division, and the clause was carried by eighty-nine.

A fairly full House for a Friday assembled at twelve o'clock to discuss the White Slave Traffic Bill. It had been so knocked about in Committee by the individualists that a great many earnest people thought it was no good, so everyone was petitioned and written to and urged to put back the Bill on the report stage to the same position it was in before it went upstairs. The two Peckhams, and Atherley-Jones, who cannot forget the Cass case which nearly wrecked a Government and made him Solicitor-General, were all in favour of freedom of the subject and against the risk of blackmail. However, the House was not in a mood to listen, and it was decided that an ordinary constable, even in plain clothes, and not a sergeant, can arrest on suspicion.

The next point was should offenders be flogged. Here the sentimentalists had a turn. Mr. Lynch, the pro-Boer, described how floggers cut fringes of skin on the men

with one artistic drop of blood on each, and represented that that was what Mr. McKenna wanted to encourage. Mr. McKenna gasped out: "This is outrageous!" And so the debate swayed backwards and forwards. Mr. Leif. Jones asked if any member would take the cat in his own hands. "I would," said Mark Lockwood stoutly, at which the House laughed. Bob Cecil said he would vote against the amendment to flog for a first offence, but he thought a good deal of nonsense was talked about torture; all punishment was torture. The amendment was carried by four, which shows how strongly the House feels that it is necessary to put down this trade with a high hand. Flogging is conscientiously considered by many to be a retrograde step, and yet 136 were in favour of it and 132 were actually in favour of giving it for a first offence.

The House did not rise until 5.30.

The Government have three awkward inquiries on their hands at the present time—the Marconi contract, about which a Committee is sitting upstairs; the Crisp loan, which is a fertile field for questions; and now the question of Indian finance, in which the eminent firm of Samuel Montagu and Co. had large dealings. The chairman of the firm is in the House, and his brother is Under-Secretary of State for India. Robert Harcourt, the brother of the Colonial Secretary, who poses as a bit of a free lance, had some questions down; but, although he was in the House, he did not put them. People wondered whether he was a "Government bonnet," who, left to himself, had made the questions too searching and would thus encourage supplementary questions. At any rate, he disappeared on both occasions when they were called on. It will be remembered that the great Lord Aldenham and his brother both resigned their seats in the House of Commons because their firm sold some battleships to or for the Government. The law is very strict on this point, and the action of the Government on the matter is awaited with curiosity.

After questions, Colonel Hildred Carlile wanted to know why the Irish Parliament should consist of 164 members, and suggested that they should be reduced to 103. He firmly believed that the reason was because, when the two Houses were in joint session, the Lower Chamber could always defeat the Senate. Carson's bitter comment was, "They are now disavowing every safeguard to the Bill." A languid House assembled from the libraries and smoking-rooms, and defeated the amendment. Then came along Pretymann Newman, an Essex Irish Unionist, who parts his name and his hair in the middle, with an amendment on proportional representation. Bored to tears, the House melted, and found more interesting occupations elsewhere.

Pretymann Newman declared it was "so simple," and would protect the Protestant minority in the South of Ireland. Cecil Harmsworth, who is beginning to make neat little speeches, begged the Government to accept it, as the principle had been adopted in the Senate. Carson, with lawyer-like wariness, would have none of it. He challenged any Radical M.P. to describe it, and ex-

pressed his belief, amid laughter, that none of them knew any more about it than he did!

Alfred Mond felt hurt that the Government would not accept such a Radical proposal, but all to no purpose. The Government did not mind how illogical it was. Proportional representation was all very well as a theory, but they were not inclined to introduce such a novelty into their new model Constitution, and the amendment suffered the usual fate.

On Tuesday that "sea-green incorruptible," Philip Snowden, arose to move his amendment giving the local enfranchisement to women in Ireland. With his emaciated pathetic little face and gentle gesture he held the House for half an hour, pleading the cause of the women. Balfour always pays him the compliment of listening to him intently, and to-night supported him by voice and vote. "If this is really a bill for local government in Ireland, and not an *imperium in imperio*, surely you will allow the same franchise that obtains over here," Not a bit of it. Asquith giped at Balfour's "dialectical dexterity"—at one time the Tories painted Home Rule as meaning a separate nation, and at others, when it suited their purpose, a twopenny-halfpenny vestry.

The voting in the division was very curious. Some Unionist anti-suffragists said, "I hate the women, but shall vote for them if there is a chance of killing Home Rule." Others said, "I loathe Home Rule, but I dread women government more. People who cannot control their tempers are not fit to take part in the government of a great Empire. I shall vote with the Coalition." Ramsay MacDonald made his usual speech. When he found that the Government were perfectly safe without him, he made a dramatic appeal to the Labour Bench, and vowed he would vote for the women. A number of Radicals and Liberals with mixed motives voted against the Government, but this was partly counter-balanced by the Unionists who voted in the other lobby, the result being a surprising defeat for the women. The amendment was lost by 173—a result received with cheers and laughter.

After this we turned on to the White Slave Traffic. Mr. Lamb wanted the Bill extended so that raids could be made on flats. Alfred Lyttelton made a splendid speech. The veteran cricketer hit to the boundary every time amid loud applause. "Nobody proposes to punish men for immorality. Why should the Government try to harass and hunt these unhappy women, who are the victims of society? They are carrying on their miserable calling as quietly and decently as possible." The amendment was withdrawn, and the House shut up at 1 a.m.

## Notes and News

"The Experimentalists," the three-act comedy by Rathmell Wilson and Muriel Hutchinson, recently produced by the Drama Society, is published by John Ouseley, Ltd.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co. will shortly publish "The Sea and the Jungle," by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, a volume which describes the author's impressions and experiences of an adventurous voyage up the Amazon and its tributary, the Madeira River.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are bringing out at once a new novel by Gaston Leroux, author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room." The new book, which has been translated by Edgar Jepson, will be called "The Man with the Black Feather."

"The Insanity of Genius, and the General Inequality of Human Faculty Physiologically Considered," by J. F. Nisbet, sixth and new edition, with an introduction by Dr. Bernard Hollander, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co.

In his new novel, "Hocken and Hunken," which Messrs. Blackwood announce for immediate publication, "Q." returns to the field in which he first found fame as a humorist, and all who have pleasant memories of "Troy Town" should read it.

Mr. Andrew Melrose announces that Miss Mary Cholmondeley, Mr. Joseph Conrad, and Mr. W. J. Locke have agreed to act as adjudicators in his Fourth 250 Guineas "Prize Novel" Competition. All inquiries should be sent to the Literary Agency of London, 5, Henrietta Street, W.C.

Messrs. Hutchinson have almost ready "Parodies and Imitations, Old and New," edited by J. A. Stanley Adam and Bernard C. White, with a Foreword by Sir A. Quiller Couch. It is believed that this will be almost the only modern collection of poetical parodies of a really comprehensive character.

In connection with the jubilee of Gerhart Hauptmann, the celebrated German dramatist and poet, a series of matinées of his play "Lonely Lives" has been arranged by Miss Vera Tschaiakowsky. The performances will be given at the Court Theatre on Friday, November 8, and on subsequent Tuesdays and Fridays.

On Sunday evening, November 10, at 7.45, the Play Actors' Society will, at the Court Theatre, open its eighth season with Ibsen's "Brand." A novelty this season will be performances on Monday afternoons, at 2.30, of the plays produced on the Sunday. To these matinées the general public will be admitted.

A loan from the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, consisting of an interesting selection of 101 Indian drawings from the Baroda State Museum collection, will be exhibited in the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, from Monday, November 4, for a period of three months. The collection comprises chiefly Rajput illuminated tempera paintings of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and has been arranged in Room 4 in the Lower Gallery.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have accepted the dedication of the "Dictionary of English Church History," which has been in preparation for over two years under the editorship of Canon Ollard, of S. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and Mr. Gordon Crosse. The dictionary, which Messrs. Mowbray hope to issue on November 15, is intended both for the student and for the ordinary member of the English Church who

desire to know the best ascertained facts in the history of the society to which he belongs.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons announce that they will publish, about the middle of November, in their Shilling Net Library, a work on the Balkans and the Balkan problem written by Miss M. Edith Durham, at present war correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* at the front. She has travelled through every part of the Balkan States, and in "The Burden of the Balkans" she not only describes the theatre of war, but expounds the problems on which is based the whole Balkan question.

An Exhibition of Arts and Handicrafts is being held by *The Englishwoman* at the Maddox Street Galleries, 23a, Maddox Street, Regent Street, W., from November 6 to November 16, 1912, inclusive, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., under the direct patronage of the Duchess of Marlborough, the Lady Frances Balfour, the Lady Betty Balfour, and many other well-known ladies. All the exhibits will be of a very high standard, and this should be a unique opportunity of seeing what women especially are doing in the region of applied art in 1912.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week "The Letter Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope," by A. M. W. Stirling, author of "Coke of Norfolk," "Annals of a Yorkshire House," etc., in two volumes, at 32s. net. These papers, collected from the Cannon Hall Muni-ments between the years 1805-1873, owe their preservation to Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope, daughter of the celebrated "Coke of Norfolk." They give a picture unrivalled in vividness of social and political life during nearly seventy years of the nineteenth century.

The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, having been recognised as the centre for advisory work in Forestry in Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire, Professor H. A. Pritchard, F.S.I., has been appointed Technical Adviser, and Mr. A. D. Hopkinson, B.Sc. (Aberdeen), Lecturer in Forestry and Forest Mycology. The vacancy caused by the promotion of Professor R. G. Stapledon, M.A., to the post of Research Botanist at University College, Aberystwyth, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. C. B. Saunders, B.Sc. (London), who has for some years been Lecturer in Biology at Holmes Chapel Agricultural College.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

### THE DECISIVE BATTLE.

**B**ARELY three weeks have elapsed since the Sultan ordered his armies to advance against "our small neighbours," and to-day the ever-victorious Bulgarian forces are hammering at the gates of Constantinople while the Ottoman Government pleads with the great Powers for mediation in the cause of peace. Thus the edifice of an Empire centuries old has crumbled to dust in a period that can only be measured in days. The almost incredible swiftness with which the *débâcle* was accomplished benumbs the imagination. It has, indeed, been a veritable Messina

for Turkey, save that the forces of human folly, not of Nature, have wrought the wreckage. During the past week the columns of the daily Press have been filled with vivid descriptions of the decisive battle fought in Thrace, notable among which was an historic dispatch from the pen of Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, who exhibits in his writing the observant faculties of the careful correspondent together with the insight and experience of the trained soldier—a rare and valuable combination.

For the first time we are made fully acquainted with the real causes that led to the great disaster. In everything that is considered necessary for a modern and efficient army, save the pluck and endurance of the common soldier, the Turks were lacking. To begin with the General Staff was hopelessly incompetent; the army was therefore without a brain. This circumstance explains everything, but it excuses nothing. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett tells us that the "grand" army had no commissariat train, that the soldiers fought with incomparable gallantry for three days without so much as the ration of a single biscuit, that not a field dressing station or a field hospital existed, that there were few surgeons, and that thousands of wounded whose lives with reasonable care might have been saved died unattended where they lay. Then the artillery went into action with only a few hours' supply of shell, ignorant peasants who never previously had carried a Mauser rifle in their hands were hastened to the front, not a single machine gun was to be seen, and there were no aeroplanes. Thus, as it were, the foe that faced the Bulgarian army was from the first blind and helpless—without brain, without eyes, without arms. The despairing character of the situation was evidenced by the lonely and isolated position of the Commander-in-Chief.

"I will interrupt a further description of to-day's fighting," wrote Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, "to present to the reader the hopeless position of the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army, directing as he was, or as he should have been directing; the movements of four army corps, ranged over a front of twenty-five miles. Abdullah remained throughout the entire day, except for one brief interval, on the mound of which I have already spoken. His sole companions were his staff and his personal escort, and his sole means of obtaining any information as to what was happening elsewhere were his pair of field glasses. Not a line of telegraph or telephone had been brought to the front, and not a single wireless installation, although the Turkish army on paper possesses twelve complete outfits for its army corps; and not an effort had been made even to establish a line of messengers by relays to connect headquarters with the various army corps. I need hardly add that not a single aeroplane was anywhere within 100 miles of the front, and if any exist there was no one to fly them."

Contrast with the above pathetic incident the state of Japanese organisation at the battle of Mukden. There Marshal Oyama and his brilliant Chief of the Staff, General Kodama, practically conducted an

engagement, covering a front of ever one hundred miles, by means of the telephone. Spread upon a table in the centre of the little hut which they made their headquarters were a number of maps studded with coloured flags, while set apart on trestle stands were the signalling apparatus, switch-boards, and batteries from which radiated a veritable web of wires. Here, above the distant booming of hundreds of guns, the tinkling of the telephone bell seemed strangely incongruous. History repeats itself with insistent and unerring accuracy. After each great conflict the same lessons are to be learned. Similar stories as those which are now being recounted to explain the Turkish defeat were heard after the Franco-Prussian War, the South African War, and the Russo-Japanese War. So long as the world goes on, there will always be wars, and always a defeated side whose downfall will be attributed to want of foresight, of organisation, and of skill. "The most splendid material," says Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett to-day of the Turkish Army, "has been sacrificed on the altar of stupidity, conceit, self-satisfaction, and the grossest ineptitude." Elsewhere we are told that, when the Turkish soldier began to meddle in politics, the Turkish army was doomed. We cannot refrain from reversing the comment, and urging that in any country where the politician interferes in the legitimate sphere of the soldier, the inevitable effect will be to destroy the work of the soldier, and thus to deprive a State of its only bulwark against aggression. At such a moment as this, serious thoughts must be uppermost in the minds of the British citizen, who, while realising his responsibilities, is more often than not prevented from bearing them. Have we sufficient shell for our cannon, have we sufficient machine guns and aeroplanes, have we sufficient men trained in the use of the rifle? Or will it one day be written of Great Britain that she "sacrificed the most splendid material on the altar of stupidity, conceit, self-satisfaction, and the grossest ineptitude"?

#### THE FAR EAST.

While events in the Near East are pre-occupying the public mind, the situation in the Far East is developing in a startling manner. Russia has recognised the independence of Outer Mongolia, and as an answer to a protest from China it is expected that she will declare a protectorate over the territory. Japan will not be denied adequate compensation. Indeed, it is believed that months ago she reached an understanding with Russia on the matter. The time cannot therefore long be delayed when the division of Manchuria and Mongolia between these Powers, so often predicted in the columns of *THE ACADEMY*, will become an accomplished fact.

### MOTORING

ONCE again the unattractive and out-of-the-way building at Olympia is the Mecca of the motorist, and for the next week, at any rate, the one topic of conversation in the motoring fraternity will be the Show. Unworthy as is Olympia for the holding of an exhibi-

tion of such national, or rather international, importance, inadequate in size, comfortless, and an architectural abomination, it still remains the only available building at all suitable for the purpose, and interest in motoring developments is now so universal that one may confidently prophesy a record attendance during the coming week. As this is necessarily written before the opening of the Show, it is, of course, not possible to give here an independent description of what is to be seen; but below we refer briefly to several of the more important and representative exhibits, the information being based partly upon preliminary inspections in exhibitors' showrooms and partly upon details supplied.

On the Napier stand (No. 48) there are only three specimens of the famous car which has done so much to demonstrate to the world that British design and workmanship in motor construction, as in every other branch of engineering, are second to none. They are sufficient, however, to show that the "Noiseless Napier" continues to represent the latest word in every department of motoring development. The exhibit consists of a 15-h.p. three-quarter landaulette, a 30-h.p. torpedo touring car, and a 38.4-h.p. Royal torpedo saloon. Of the last-mentioned it is difficult to speak in terms of moderation, but it is no exaggeration to say that a more beautiful and perfectly appointed motor-car has never been turned out. Every part and detail of the body-work bears evidence of the great amount of thought which has been brought to bear upon it by the designers, the Cunard Motor and Carriage Co., and its finish is perfection itself. We have no space here for details, but the visitor to Olympia should give this particular car his especial attention. In spite of the general advances which have been made in the coachbuilder's art in the last twelve months, the Napier Royal saloon will be a revelation to him. The body of the 15-h.p. landaulette is also by the Cunard Company, and, in its way, is an equally fine specimen of artistic workmanship; whilst the 30-h.p. (six-cylinder) will make a strong appeal to those who appreciate the combination of smartness of appearance with comfort and facilities for touring under the easiest conceivable conditions. All the Napier models for 1913 contain numerous improvements and refinements, full particulars of which may be obtained on application to the firm at New Burlington Street, W.

On Stand No. 47 will be found four examples of the new 30-h.p. six-cylinder Sheffield-Simplex, and all who are familiar with the fine qualities of this high-class British car will be curious to see the result of the association of those past-masters in motor design and construction, Messrs. Percy Richardson and Warwick Wright. The specimens shown are (1) the chassis itself, with standard finish; (2) the "Devon" Limousine (enclosed drive); (3) the "Grove" four-seater torpedo; and (4) the "Pytchley" limousine-landaulette. All the bodies are entirely original, their characteristic being a continuous graceful curve from the radiator round the body, and back again to the radiator. No dashboard is visible, and there are no

gable ends to collect dust or mud—two valuable points which greatly facilitate the cleaning of the car. Altogether, the fine and original bodywork of the Sheffield-Simplex exhibits renders them one of the most attractive and conspicuous features of the Show. The chassis itself embodies many new and important innovations. The radiator is of a novel and imposing design, there is a new system of springing, the frame is specially dropped to permit of low entrance bodies, and the brakes are fitted with ingenious hand-adjustments which act independently of the hand-lever and foot-pedals. **The general verdict on the Sheffield-Simplex of 1913 will be that it is good enough to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur of luxurious motoring.**

Of the comparatively few Continental cars which have fully maintained their popularity in this country in face of the great advances made by the British manufacturer, the Delaunay-Belleville holds pride of place. It is essentially a car for those whose purses are sufficiently deep to enable them to extract the highest joys of motoring, and in this respect it easily maintains its place in the front rank of the world's automobiles. A few of the characteristic features of the Delaunay-Belleville are its patent carburettor, which supplies the engine with gas of a constant quality, irrespective of throttle position or engine speed; the great strength of the back axle; the ample proportion of the system of springs; and the unusual power of the brakes. Another noteworthy feature of these fine French cars is the bodywork. This is by the famous Van den Plas of Belgium. Every visitor to the Exhibition who inspects the exhibits on Stand 66 will admire the beauty of design and perfection of finish.

Those visitors to the Show who actually contemplate buying cars will do well to remember that the task of making a judicious selection is now more difficult than ever, owing to the multiplicity of models on the market. Money and worry will be saved by securing the advice and services of a reliable expert adviser who knows the qualities of all the principal makes of cars and their suitability for particular requirements. One of the best-known and most efficient of these advisers is Mr. H. L. Aldersey Swann, consulting automobile engineer, of 9, Regent Street, London, S.W., who will be pleased to place his services at the disposal of any prospective buyer, free of charge. Mr. Swann has been entrusted with the selection of cars by many motorists of distinction, including the Duchess of Albany, and his advice can be implicitly relied upon in every way.

On Messrs. Bowley's stand (No. 213 in the gallery) a space has been set apart for demonstrating the Bowser system of economising fuel, and, in view of the present high price of petrol, many motorists will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity of examining the new method of reducing their fuel bill.

One of the interesting exhibits in the accessory department of the Show is the "Airless Resilient Wheel," which is claimed to supersede all pneumatic tyres and to be adaptable for every class of motor vehicle. It is

stated that over 300,000 miles have already been covered with these wheels, without a breakdown or breakage of any part. Those interested may obtain full information as to the construction of the new device at the stand of Messrs. Connolly, Ltd. (No. 175).

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

**I**T is evident that the public do not intend to buy stocks and shares as long as the war lasts. Business was never so stagnant; not a broker has an order. Many of them do not desire business; they are anxiously wondering how their clients will manage to pay the differences at the last account. Far too many accounts were arranged, and far too many punters had time given them, which makes the outlook unsatisfactory. Continental Bourses are jumpy. On one day Paris thinks that everything will go smoothly and she ventures to buy. The next day she is terrified lest Austria should ask for Salonica. France does not want war, neither does Austria. Indeed, the finances of that empire are not in a condition to permit war. The whole of Austria appears to have been gambling in a most insane manner. The gamble in Austrian industrials has equalled if not exceeded in violence that of St. Petersburg in Russians. Continental speculators have been buying industrial shares to pay them three per cent. There is only one end to such nonsense. Luckily that end makes for peace, as in spite of the depressed condition of markets, promoters have been offering shares, probably without success. The Southern Ontario Land was circularising all over England recklessly, and foolish statements were made as to the profits that the land would produce. It is doubtful whether any sober-minded people would subscribe. The Calthorpe Motor asks us for a small amount of money, and the certificate showed that the profits are on the increase and that the business was prosperous. The motor trade is good just now, but shares in motor companies are highly speculative. Lever Bros. offer 507,500 "C" preference shares at 1s. a share premium. The issue is attractive and the shares a first-class industrial investment. The Queensland Government loan gives us 4 per cent. on the trustee stock, and is a sound, gilt-edged security. The Dutch company for the Exploitation of Margarine Factories is offering £240,000 5½ per cent. cumulative preference at 22s. per share. The Company is a sort of trust for the investment of money in margarine factories. It is a prosperous concern, and the famous house of Van den Bergh guaranteed principal and interest. Therefore, although the shares appear over-priced, it is a sound industrial and would have been extremely attractive at par. Mexico Tramways are offering their shareholders some fresh capital. There are stories going about that the monopoly hitherto held by this Company is likely to be attacked. At the same time the shares appear a fair risk.

THE CHINESE LOAN appears to be forgotten in the excitement of the Balkan war. But the banks at the back of the Six Power Group are just as energetic as ever in their intrigues. I have before me a copy of a document that was affixed to the guichets of some of the principal Continental banks some weeks ago, in which the most astounding statements were made with regard to China and her loan. In their eagerness to discredit the Crisp group, the banks seem quite to forget the absurdity of

the position. Although they are ready and willing to lend China as much money as she wants, they never cease to declare that if anyone else lends the money they are running a terrible risk. The position would be ridiculous in the extreme were it not that it is very serious for England. The Chinese do not like the Germans, they hate the Japanese and they distrust the Americans, but they have great faith in the English, and they do not understand why Great Britain, which is always supposed to be a powerful nation, should be dragged in the mud of these intrigues. None of the Six Powers does any trade with China that is worth considering, with the exception of England, which does 52 per cent. Therefore, the sooner Sir Edward Grey intimates to the other Powers that he proposes to act on his own account, the better, and the sooner he throws over the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, which is a semi-German institution, the sooner will he regain the confidence of the Chinese. Some months ago, the Six Power Group instructed two Japanese gentlemen to make a report on the advisability of lending China money on the Salt Tax. These gentlemen, who are admittedly experts, reported to the group that there was security for a loan of £26,000,000 on this tax alone. This report is now more or less public property. I wonder how the Six Powers can explain the figures in the report? The Foreign Office comes out of the affair very badly. Everybody in England knows that it is quite honest if stupid, but on the Continent people say that our Foreign officials must have been bought over. They cannot believe in our stupidity, for they see clearly that if we are doing this we must be doing it because of some sinister motive. Our prestige in the East has been very seriously damaged.

MONEY remains very tight, that is to say, no one who wishes to discount a three months' bill can do it under five per cent., although day to day loans can be arranged at two per cent. This shows what the monied people think of the position. If the Turks do not promptly yield, and if the Bulgarians do not realise that they cannot rule the world, we shall have a six per cent. bank rate before Christmas.

FOREIGNERS.—Paris did not like the Austrian rejection of the French overtures, and it is plain that the story that France and Austria had agreed upon a *modus vivendi* is untrue. However, there are so many "bears" in the foreign market that prices are distinctly firm. Indeed, the Bulgarian loan is now quoted at the same price as it was a year ago, and is up eight points on the last make up. German Threes are distinctly weak, but none of the nations who are deeply interested in the war appears in the least concerned, the defeated Turkey least of all. Turkish Unified at 82 are only six points lower than a year ago. This seems absurd when the newspapers are full of stories of the complete collapse of the Turkish Empire. It only shows how strong a market "bear" selling will make. The public is always abusing the "bear," but we have had a magnificent example during the past three weeks of what an aid he is in keeping a market firm. Had it not been for the "bear" selling we should have seen the most tremendous slump in all foreign securities. Indeed, wherever there has been a "bull" account, as in Tintos and Perus, the price has fallen away to nothing, and Peru Prefs., in spite of the fact that they are supposed to be worth 80, look very sick at 51½, and Tintos seem unable to lift their heads.

HOME RAILS are hardly affected at all, for there has been some heavy gambling in Dover A on the news that the Tilmanstone pits were on the coal. There is, however, no doubt that it will be twelve months before coal is shipped from these pits in any quantity. All the coal raised will have to be used by the Companies themselves, so that the railways instead of gaining traffic will have a certain loss, for to-day they are carrying the coal used by the Burr group. It is estimated that the railways now carry about two million tons of coal into Kent, and it must be understood that three or four years will elapse

before the present collieries in Kent are raising such an amount. Therefore, those who buy Dover A to-day are looking at least three years ahead. No doubt in ten years' time Kent will be a great coal field, and then Dover A may go to par. The Stock Exchange always discounts the future.

YANKEES keep very firm. There seems no doubt that the democrat will get in, and as he has assured the financiers that he does not intend to attack them or indeed to interfere to any serious extent with the tariffs, we may expect a boom next year. Unions, Atchisons, Eries, and Southern all look good, and Steels seem worth their price.

RUBBERS are dull. The event of the week has been the report of the Kwala Lumpur. A friend of mine who has lately returned from the Malay tells me that, in his opinion, this is the best of all. It has improved its dividend from 57½ to 65, in spite of the fact that the capital has been increased to £210,000. The capital cost per acre is now £43 13s., and the total acreage is 6,176. The Company harvested 859,660 lbs., which cost 1s. 6½d. and was sold at 4s. 9½d. The estate is well managed, and the accounts are admirably presented. It is a pity that other rubber companies do not attend to depreciation in the same manner as Kwala Lumpur, which has written off this year over £5,000. Nearly all the companies charge the cost of obtaining labour to capital account, but Kwala Lumpur charges these costs to revenue. This is thoroughly sound. The shares to-day can be bought under 6½, and they are a very reasonable rubber investment.

OIL.—The oil market has been dull, probably because those people who came in when the slump was on have been taking their profits, and partly because the Maikop Wells have all been giving reduced productions. Anglo Derek report was colourless, and certainly does not justify any boom in the shares. Tulsa Oil is being puffed, and the chairman has been making long speeches, no doubt with the idea of getting rid of some shares. It is clear that a market is to be made in Tulsas. The *Financial Times* on Wednesday had nearly five columns devoted to the speech of Mr. Meares. It is hardly likely that they inserted this verbatim report for the love of the beautiful eyes of the chairman of the Company. I am assured that the Maikop Deep Drilling Company have nothing whatever to do with the amalgamation that I mentioned last week, and they desire me to contradict the rumour.

MINES.—The Goldfields dividend announcement was a terrible disappointment. We all expected at least 3s. per share, but the profit available has fallen by nearly half. Nothing is written off, and after paying the dividend, there is a debit balance of £14,376, which, being deducted from the amount brought in, reduces the carry forward to £52,112. Thus the position of the Goldfields is distinctly bad, but the "bulls" say that the Company would never have paid away all its money unless it had been perfectly certain that it expected a boom next year. Goldfields has been going from bad to worse for many years past. In 1909 it had nearly one and a quarter millions available for dividend. This year it only has £335,624. The Falcon report was also very bad. We had expected great things, but instead we found that everything had been cut down, and the ore reserves which in 1911 were valued at nearly three millions are now only valued at just under one and a half millions. They have dropped 50 per cent. in a year. Falcon ore is complex, and even when the plant is started, which will not be for another eighteen months, we are not likely to get more than 20 per cent. dividend, even if every expectation is fulfilled, and I never yet found a mine that came up to expectations.

MISCELLANEOUS.—This is the period when the nitrate reports make their appearance, and they are coming out rapidly. I cannot agree with the "bulls" that these shares are under-valued. They appear to me priced at ridiculous figures. Most of the nitrate companies entirely refuse to



into the dialect of St. Jean de Luz, written about 1715, by Pierre d'Urte, who was in London in the reign of George I. That copy was useful for the edition of d'Urtes version, published at the Clarendon Press in 1894, because, since he saw it, some parts of the original had been cut off by a binder. With it there are notes shewing that he had read the other MSS. of d'Urte. S. Greatheed died in 1823. His grandson, Mr. W. Greatheed, of 67-69, Chancery Lane, W.C., adds to what we knew about his work this memorandum dated October 14, 1912:—

"Dear Sir,—This is a further reply to your letter of April 2 than I could give when I returned Mr. H. Jenners flattering, but very pleasant, postcard as to my father. I have been spending time at Cambridge reading the 105 letters of my grandfather upon which Mr. L. E. Tanner has been at work, and which, as you know, turned up mysteriously after dormancy for a century. S. Greatheed refers to Baskish, not this time as Portuguese, but as 'Cantabrian,' and he expects to have literary assistance from Lord Macclesfield (by the influence of Cosway, the artist, and Lord Leicester) in the shape of 12 MS. volumes of a 'Cantabrian dictionary.' The motive at the time was not 'Christian Missions'; for it was a period when he was a little soured by public inappreciation of his history, but he was being made a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society; he was kicking at the accepted theory that British were all Celts by origin; they were more probably by origin 'Iberian'; and study of the 'Cantabrian' language would help to solve the point. He subsequently published in the Society's proceedings those papers on the subject of our origin, which I remember looking at long ago, and not being much interested. It still seems to me probable that it was from the French *émigré*, the Baron Tardif, that he got the loan of d'Urte's work: that he copied it for his own purposes, and that he eventually gave the copy to Lord Macclesfield, perhaps in appreciation of the loan of the 12 MS. volumes: also that Lord Macclesfield bought the d'Urte copy, or was given it, after my grandfather's death. But this last paragraph of mine is guesswork. It is curious that in this way one should get back to the Macclesfield library, of which your letter of April 2 tells me. I presume the 12 volumes are familiar to you, and that you know why Lord Macclesfield should have specialised in this way. I don't."

I did see those MSS. at Shirburn Castle, including the "Cantabrian Dictionary," i.e., Latin-Baskish, ending at "Commodus," and bound, long after 1823, in five volumes. Has any part of them been lost since Greatheed saw them? It seems that they may have been there in 1749. The Grammar, dated 1712, and a specimen of the Dictionary, were published defectively by Mr. Webster. Though not scientific, yet they are worth quoting to shew how the language was written 200 years ago, and a critical edition might be of value to a few scholars. In my letter in THE ACADEMY of May 10, 1912, read "Pembroke College, Oxford," instead of "Brasenose," as the place where Sir T. Browne graduated. I am, Sir, yours,

EDWARD SPENCER DODGSON.

The Union Society, Oxford.

October 16, 1912.

#### A NATIONAL REFLECTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—All lovers of fair play will welcome the article referred to in Mr. Daniel's letter last week, for, surely, nothing can be more absurd than the attempt made by the Masterman Brothers to give to a war of aggression the character of a Christian Crusade? Moreover, even if Greeks, Bulgars and Serbs

had any right to pose as Christian Crusaders approval on our part would be absurd since we in this country have definitely decided that a man's religion, or want of it, is a matter of no concern to anybody but himself.

If any man doubts this let him remember that our rulers think so little of religion that they do their best to keep it out of our schools, and, further, did not think it worth while to make any inquiries at the census about our religious convictions. When we dwell on other things and also call to mind the fact that avowed atheists may be Ministers of the Crown and controllers of our destinies we begin to understand that all talk about "our common Christianity" is pure cant. To our Mussulman fellow-subjects in India it must seem like pure hypocrisy, for they know that the same Radical Statesman who denounces Mahomedanism will expect Mahomedan soldiers to give limb and life, in case of need, in the service of the Empire. How long Mahomedans will submit to be treated, alternately, as ruffians when we want to turn them out of Europe, and as heroes when we wish to exploit them to prevent ourselves being turned out of India, is a question which the future must decide. Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

Thurlow Hall, Suffolk. October 27, 1912.

#### CHRISTMAS HAMPERS AND CLOTHING FOR LITTLE CRIPPLES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I once again ask the courtesy of your columns to remind your generous readers of the distribution of Christmas hampers and clothing to poor crippled children?

Every year, for the last eighteen years, I have, by the kind permission of the Corporation, entertained some 1,200 poor children at the Guildhall.

I hope, as usual, to dispatch the welcome hampers to my little friends on the morning of the day when this annual banquet will again be held.

His Majesty the King is again graciously pleased to continue his subscription to this fund, which it is my privilege to bring to the annual notice of the public.

I am hoping that this year I shall be able to say I have denied no deserving applicant. As usual, I propose to hand any balance I may have to the Hospital and College for Crippled Children at Alton, which bears my name, and to the Ladies' Guild which has been formed for the purpose of clothing the 270 children residing there.

The Hon. Mrs. H. Lawson is president and Miss Treloar hon. secretary of the Guild.

With the hamper the little cripple entertains the family, and on a modest estimate the Fund brightens the lives at Christmas-time of over thirty thousand of the poor of London.

Donations may be sent as heretofore to me, addressed "Little Cripples' Christmas Hamper and Clothing Fund."

—I am, Sir, yours truly,

W. P. TRELOAR.

P.S.—I may add that I intend to ask the incoming Mayors of the Metropolitan Boroughs and the London City Mission to co-operate with me, and I hope, with their kind help, to distribute the hampers on the widest possible basis in this the nineteenth year of the distribution.

Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

#### SIR HENRY STANLEY'S GRAVE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Having heard from a seemingly reliable source that the grave of Sir Henry Stanley was in an unsatisfactory condition, I took the opportunity, when staying with some relatives at Woking a few days ago, of motoring to the neighbouring churchyard of Pirbright, where the great African traveller lies buried, and found to my relief that his last resting-place, which I visited for the first time in 1910, was still in perfectly good order. It is surrounded by a fine yew hedge, and the tomb consists of a massive

unpolished granite rock of considerable height, containing the following inscription cut into the stone in large letters: "Henry Morton Stanley, Bula Matari, 1841-1904, Africa." It is a superb monument, and in perfect keeping with the magnificently grand and rugged character of the immortal deceased. Yours very faithfully, ALGERNON ASHTON.  
10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead,  
London, N.W.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### FICTION.

- The Memoirs of Mimosa by Herself.* Edited by Anne Elliot. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)  
*The King's Master.* By Olive Lethbridge and John de Stourton. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)  
*The Meteoric Benson: A Romance of Actuality.* By Vincent Mills-Malet. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)  
*The Grip of Life.* By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)  
*Les Clartés Latentes: Vingt Contes et Paraboles.* By Franz Hellens. (Librairie Générale des Sciences, des Arts et des Lettres, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)  
*Round About a Rectory.* By the Author of "Leaves from a Life." (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)  
*Love in a Motor-Car.* By Raymond Needham. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)  
*Broken Pitchers.* By Reginald Wright Kauffman. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)  
*The Return of Peter Grimm.* By David Belasco. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)  
*John: A Story of this World and the Next.* By Strahan Richards. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)  
*A White Man's Burden.* By Charles Beadle. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)  
*The Clay's Revenge.* By Helen George. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)  
*Delfina of the Dolphins.* By Mary Argyle Taylor. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. 6d. net.)  
*The Forest Farm: Tales of the Austrian Tyrol.* By Peter Rosegger. With an Appreciation by Maude E. King and a Biographical Note by Dr. Julius Petersen. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. net.)  
*Erica.* By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)  
*Private Smith.* By Captain Oswald Dallas. With a Foreword by Lt.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)  
*The Village Infidel.* By C. E. Heanley. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)  
*A Year Without a Chaperon.* By Elsie M. Cawthorne. (John Long. 6s.)  
*The Wooing of Mifanwy: A Welsh Love Story.* By Edith C. Kenyon. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)  
*St. Lô.* By Dorothy M. Stuart. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)  
*The Enlightenment of Sylvia.* By A. D. Pickering. (John Murray. 6s.)  
*The Port of Dreams.* By Miriam Alexander. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)  
*Things that Pass.* By Alice E. Robbins. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)  
*Seaford's Snake.* By Bertram Mitford. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)  
*Stories of Irish Life Past and Present.* By Slieve Foy. (Lynwood and Co. 1s. net.)  
*Queer Little Jane.* By Curtis Yorke. (John Long. 6s.)  
*Centene.* By H. Grahame Richards. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)  
*The Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina.* By Jeanne Bartholomew Magoun. With Coloured Frontispiece. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2s. net.)

### VERSE.

- A Dream of Daffodils: Last Poems by H. D. Lowry.* Arranged for the Press by G. E. Matheson and C. A. Dawson Scott. With Portrait and a Memoir by Edgar A. Preston. (G. J. Glaisher.)  
*Beyond.* By C. A. Dawson Scott. (G. J. Glaisher.)  
*The Vaunt of Man, and Other Poems.* By Wm. Ellery Leonard. (B. W. Huebsch, N.Y. \$1.25 net.)  
*Foolery: A Comedy in Verse.* By Robert Vansittart. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)  
*Songs from the Forests of Tane.* By T. Chamberlin Chamberlin. With a Frontispiece. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)  
*Essays in Song.* By Madame Muriel Richard. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)  
*Rag Time: A Collection of Military Poems suitable for Recitation.* By Lieut.-Col. J. D. F. Donegan. (Lynwood and Co. 1s. net.)  
*Présences. (Poèmes—1re Série.)* By P. J. Jouve. (Georges Crès and Co., Paris.)  
*Far-Off Fields, and Other Poems.* By Joseph Whittaker. (T. W. Jenkins, Dartford. 1s. net.)  
*My Nursery Window.* Verses by Isabel M. Carswell. (Gowans and Gray. 1s. 6d. net.)  
*A Legend of Old Persia, and Other Poems.* By A. B. S. Tennyson. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)  
*The Soul of a Gardener.* By H. M. Waithman. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. net.)

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- The Evolution of States: An Introduction to English Politics.* By J. M. Robertson. (Watts and Co. 5s. net.)  
*The Significance of Ancient Religions in Relation to Human Evolution and Brain Development.* By E. Noel Reichardt, M.D. (George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)  
*American Socialism of the Present Day.* By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph. D. With an Introduction by John Spargo. (John Lane. 5s. net.)  
*The Story of Don John of Austria.* Told by Padre Luis Coloma, S.J. of the Real Academia Española. Translated by Lady Moreton. Illustrated. (John Lane. 16s. net.)  
*Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons.* Written by the late Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P. Edited by his Son, Sir Richard Carnac Temple, Bart. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)  
*George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir.* By G. H. Putnam, Litt.D., with Portrait. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)  
*The Empress Eugénie and Her Circle.* By Dr. E. Barthez. Translated by Bernard Miall. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)  
*Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813.* By F. Loraine Petre. With Maps and Plans. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)  
*Scenes and Memories.* By Walburga, Lady Paget. With Portrait. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)  
*A Short History of Germany to the Present Day.* By A. W. Holland. (The British-German Friendship Society. 6d.)

### MISCELLANEOUS.

- Lord Rutland est Shakespeare.* By Célestin Demblon. With Portrait. (Paul Ferdinand, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)  
*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.* Rendered Literally into Modern English by the Rev. Ernest J. B. Kirtan, B.A. Decorated by Frederic Lawrence. (C. H. Kelly. 3s. 6d. net.)  
*Mr. Lloyd George's Supper Party.* By the Member for Britain. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1s.)  
*Home Rule in the Making.* (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)



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*Papua, or British New Guinea.* By J. H. P. Murray. With an Introduction by Sir William MacGregor, G.C.M.G. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)  
*Through Shên-kan: The Account of the Clark Expedition in North China, 1908-1909.* By R. S. Clark and A. de C. Sowerby. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.)

### THEOLOGY.

*An Appeal for Unity in the Faith: Being An Appeal to Anglicans (Protestant Episcopalians) and Protestants of Other Denominations to Return to the Unity of the Faith.* By Rev. John Phelan. (M. A. Donohue and Co., Chicago, and Burns and Oates. 4s. net.)  
*The Name of God in the Pentateuch.* By Dr. A. Troeltsch. Translated from the Dutch by Edmund McClure, M.A. (The S.P.C.K. 2s.)  
*Issues of the Incarnation: Christian Doctrine and Christian Life.* By W. Edward Chadwick, D.D., B.Sc. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)  
*Another Plea for the Unknown God.* By Chamfee. (Queenhithe Printing and Publishing Co. 1s.)  
*The Meaning of Christianity.* By Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)  
*Within: Thoughts During Convalescence.* By Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.I.E., D.Sc. (Williams and Norgate. 3s. 6d. net.)  
*The Mines of Isaiah Re-Explored.* By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

*The Apocalypse of Jesus: Being a Step in the Search for the Historical Christ.* By F. W. Worsley, M.A. (J. and J. Bennett. 7s. 6d.)  
*The Pilgrimage of the Cross.* Adapted from an old French Allegory by Hallie Killick. (The S.P.C.K. 1s. net.)  
*The Open Sore of Christendom.* By the Rev. W. J. Sexton, M.A. (J. and J. Bennett. 2s. 6d. net.)  
*Sketches of Georgian Church History.* By Archdeacon Dowling, D.D. Illustrated. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)  
*Ecce Deus: Studies of Primitive Christianity.* By Professor W. B. Smith. (Watts and Co. 6s. net.)  
*Wind and Cloud: Selections from the Writings of Father Pollock and his Brother.* With Portrait. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)  
*Meditations on Portions of St. John's Gospel.* By Mrs. Romanes. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 6d. net.)

### PERIODICALS.

*Cambridge University Reporter; Poetry, a Magazine of Verse, Chicago; Library Miscellany, Baroda; Blackwood's Magazine; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; Garden Cities and Town Planning; English Review; Educational Times; The Occult Review; Nineteenth Century and After; All the World; Representation; Oxford and Cambridge Review; School World; Bookseller; Mercure de France; Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes; University Correspondent; University College of North Wales Calendar, 1912-13; Deutsche Rundschau; La Revue; Publishers' Circular; Empire Review; Book Monthly; The Author; M. A. B.; The Idler; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Tourist Magazine, N.Y.; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, U.S.A.; Peru To-Day; The Vineyard.*

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